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Comment  
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day

## STREET LOTS

A PARTICULAR piece of downright impudence is being forced on certain residents in Hongkong. These are the dwellers in those huge blocks of apartments which soar high into the air, so that the population equals that of a modest village.

Occupied in the main by white collar workers, many of the residents are able to run a car, and, in fact, run is the word, for they have nowhere to park.

Let it be understood right away that anyone with common sense knows that it is impossible to construct a block of residences on the proportions described and provide parking places for every resident. In Hongkong it is physically impossible.

But on the other hand, the apartments are constructed with road frontage, and this frontage is marked out for parking on the basis of first come, first served.

Now comes the rub. In quite a number of the blocks of apartments, the ground floor is let off as shops, and these shops are taken by used car dealers. And these used car dealers occupy the parking spaces as free showrooms.

When it is considered that the road is constructed with the tax payers' money and the apartment dwellers reckon that at least they should have a chance every now and again of occupying parking space, it is easy to understand the indignation the residents indulge.

There is, of course, nothing original about this particular piece of impertinence. Austin-road, Kowloon, was notorious for it at one time. Yet in spite of letters to the papers and reports to the Police, this free showroom business provided by the tax payer for the car dealer goes on.

Fundamental to this is a civic point. What right has any government institution to expect its people to accept civic responsibility? If the audacious rogue is allowed to flout all rules and regulations, and get away with it?

But returning to the residents of the new apartment blocks, there is something a little feeble in their allowing the car dealers to get away with it.

A written report to the Police accompanied by the numbers of the cars for sale plus the dealers addresses would sweep this racket out of existence.

# Thousands mob palace to see dictator's body TRUJILLO ASSASSIN SHOT DEAD

## Three others caught after gun battle

Ciudad Trujillo, June 2.

Dominican secret police shot and killed one of the alleged assassins of Dictator Rafael Trujillo today while thousands of hysterical mourners stormed the National Palace in an effort to glimpse the coffin of their slain leader.

The Government said in a statement that police discovered another suspect still at large were listed as Antonio de la Maza Vazquez, Salvador Esrella and Antonino Imbert, believed to have been wounded.

A communiqué issued by the armed forces said General Juan Toros Diaz, the alleged leader of the plot, was not in any of the three cars but that troops were searching for him.

The United States told the Organisation of American States (OAS) today that a wave of terror was taking place in the Dominican Republic following the assassination of Trujillo, and asked it to take measures to "prevent further bloodshed." OAS officials said.

**Fighting**

The State Department also said it had received unconfirmed reports of fighting in the area near the Haitian border.

These reports were also unconfirmed and "nebulous."

The acts of repression were said to be directed against "anyone who is felt to be not loyal to the regime."

Mr Lincoln White, the Department spokesman, said in a statement: "A good deal of information is coming in including rumours, not yet substantiated, of extreme measures of unwarranted repression." Reuter and AP.

## BABIES KILLED

Lisbon, June 2.

Portuguese troops rushed to Carnona, northern Angola, and "inflicted severe punishment" on insurgents there after the mutilated bodies of African workers were found on two farms, the Portuguese news agency Lusitania said today.

It said the insurgents looted and set fire to the farms yesterday. Some of the African workers escaped from the farms but were later attacked by the insurgents and killed.

Lusitania said that African babies were among those killed.

Seoul, June 2.

The South Korean military revolutionary government in a statement, tonight occurred eleven of the country's wealthiest businessmen of accumulating more than the equivalent of £3.5 million in illegal wealth over the past eight years.

The Ministry of Public Information said this had been shown by a preliminary investigation into the wealth of the 11 men, 10 of whom were arrested in a police swoop last Sunday.

One of the 11, wealthiest of them all, is in Japan and has not been arrested.

The 11 men control major industries, banks and business firms.

The Ministry of Information said investigation showed the businessmen had "illegally earned" a total of 12,023 million Hwan in Korean currency or about £3.5 million.

The Ministry said that of the total the businessmen contributed about 3,371 million Hwan or about £923,000 to political party funds.—Reuter.

## S. AFRICAN PRESS MAY BE 'CONTROLLED'

## LOUW FLAYS JOURNALISTS

Pretoria, June 2.

Mr Eric Louw, Foreign Minister, said today in a press statement at De Aar, Cape Province, that the time had come when action would have to be taken against some English-language newspapers in South Africa.

He expressed the hope that the South African press would heed the advice given them by Dr Hendrik Verwoerd, the Prime Minister, to exercise self-control.

### IMPRESSED BY KENNEDY

Mr Louw said he was impressed by a similar appeal to the United States press by President Kennedy recently.

The statement said "South Africans have become accustomed to the abuse and venom of certain sections of the overseas press." This was in the main based on false and distorted reports which correspondents in South Africa had for years been sending to their newspapers.

The statement said British and American newspapers before May 31 had predicted disturbances, and a number of British newspapermen had descended on South Africa in the hope this would be so.

British newspapermen who had come to South Africa and American newspapermen already in the country were bitterly disappointed nothing had happened, Mr Louw said. "Hence the venom now being dispensed."

(One can only hope—although it seems in vain—that the press will organise some form of control over itself," he said.)—Reuter.

## EXTRADITION PLEA BY BRITAIN REFUSED

## Cypriot gets away with alleged murder

Nicosia, June 2.

The district court here today released Andreas Aphames, a 27-year-old Cypriot wanted by Scotland Yard in connection with a murder in London in 1958.

The court ruled that Aphames, a Cyprus government employee, was a citizen of the Republic and on these grounds dismissed an extradition application by Britain.

Britain had asked Cyprus to extradite Aphames in connection with the shooting of Arthur Frederick Lee, a 23-year-old Londoner in an attempted payroll robbery.

The Cyprus Supreme Constitutional Court, in a reserved

judgment published yesterday, said that under the new constitution the Republic's courts have no extra-territorial jurisdiction to try criminal offences committed outside Cyprus.

**REGRETTED**

It also pointed out that Cypriot citizens could not be extradited, and regretted that this provision meant Cypriots who were criminals could go unpunished both here and in the country where their offences were committed.

It drew the position to the attention of the authorities and sent the case back to the district court to decide Aphames' status.

The deputy Attorney-General, Mr Oktay Feridun, told the district court today that the government had carefully studied official records and was satisfied that Aphames was a citizen of the Cyprus Republic.

### ESCORT ONLY

Paris, June 2.

President Kennedy made a facetious self-introduction on Friday at a press club luncheon. After formal presentation, the US President rose, faced the audience and said:

"I do not feel that it is inappropriate for me to introduce myself. I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy into Paris."—AP.

### STOP PRESS

### THE WEATHER

It is going to be "cloudy, cooler, and occasionally showery" today according to the Royal Observatory.

All this is caused by a trough of low pressure over the Colony moving slowly south bringing along thick blankets of cloud overhead.

The cold... according to the weatherman, is very thick vertical development.

By the measurements obtained from the radar station on Tai Mo Shan today, it extends from 1,500 feet up to 45,000 feet above us, and is as thick as 43,500 feet, packing potential thunder showers.

The trough of low pressure extends from over the Eastern Sea across South China to the Gulf of Tonkin.

Because of the low pressure and thunder showers, the Colony had 1.2 inches of rainfall during the hour between 8 am and 9 am.

The total amount of rainfall was 2.82 inches from midnight to 9 this morning.

Forecast for today: Moderate northwesterly winds. Cloudy with occasional thunder showers. Cooler.

He then asked power to vary customs and excise duties and purchase tax between budgets by ten per cent either way.—Reuter.

### LONDON STOCKS CONTINUE TO SLIDE

London, June 2.

The biggest slide in share prices for six months continued on the London Stock Exchange today.

For the second day running, millions of pounds were sliced from market values, although most of today's falls were less severe than yesterday.

Few "blue chips"—top industrial shares made a modest rally, but government "gill-edged" securities drifted further down.

The three leaders—War Loan 3½ per cent, Consol 2½ per cent and Conversion 3½ per cent—were at new all-time lows.

**REASONS**

Financial sources said there were various reasons for the slide, the chief being:

• Repeated warnings from company boardrooms of lower profits.

• General economic uncertainties.

• Growing fear that curbs on home consumption and spending might be clamped down by the government in the autumn unless a faster rise in exports improved the balance of payments position.

If such action became necessary, financial quarters said Mr Selwyn Lloyd, Chancellor of the Exchequer, might bring into use an "economic regulator" which he made provision for in his last budget.

He then asked power to vary customs and excise duties and purchase tax between budgets by ten per cent either way.—Reuter.

### HEAT KILLS 7

Lahore, June 2.

Seven persons died of heat in Lyallpur City on Friday as the thermometer hit 117 degrees.

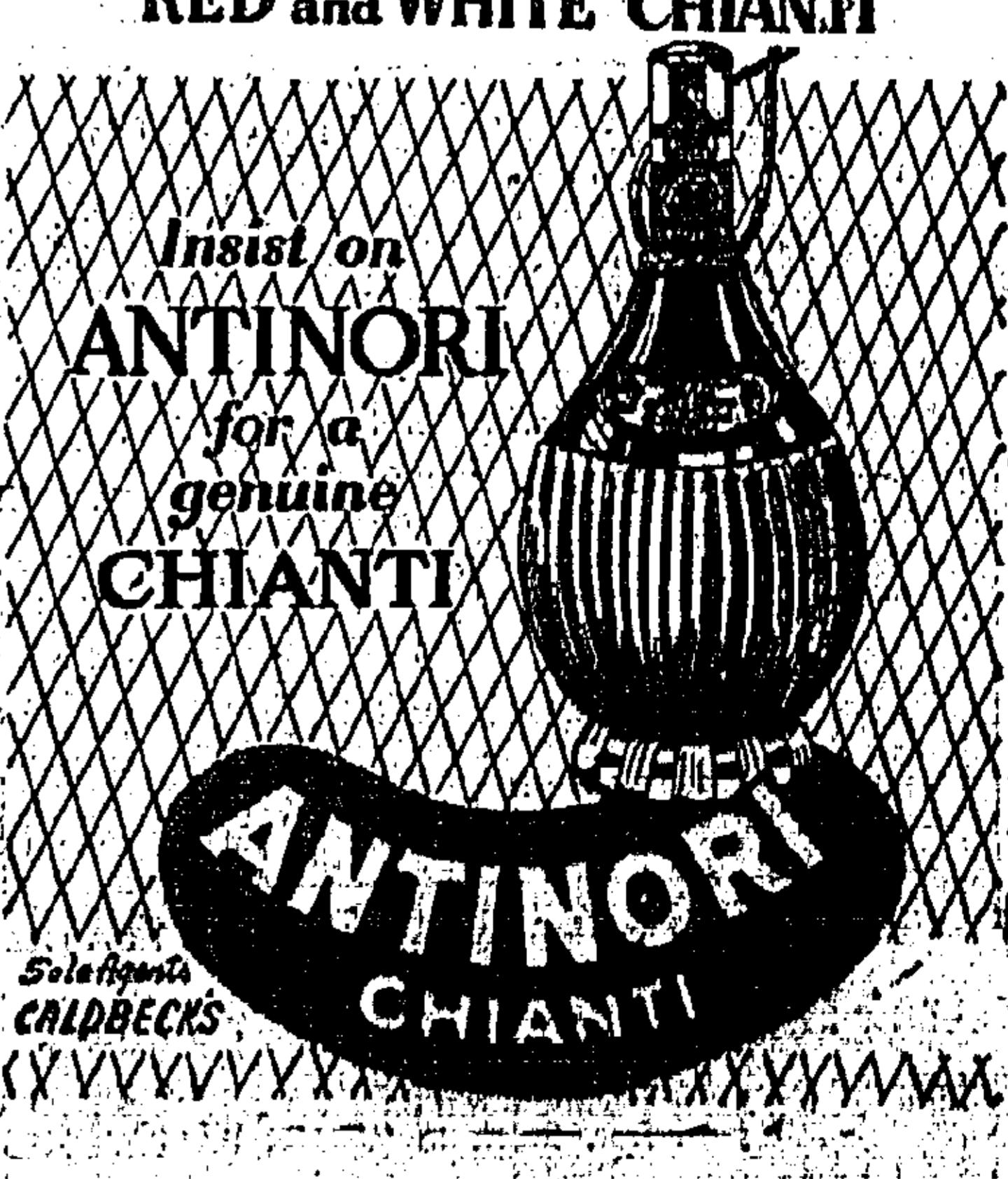
Ten persons were picked up unconscious from the streets.

Three deaths were officially reported from the town of Jhang.

On Thursday, 13 persons died in the heat wave in Lyallpur, Sargodha, Jhang and Lahore.—AP.

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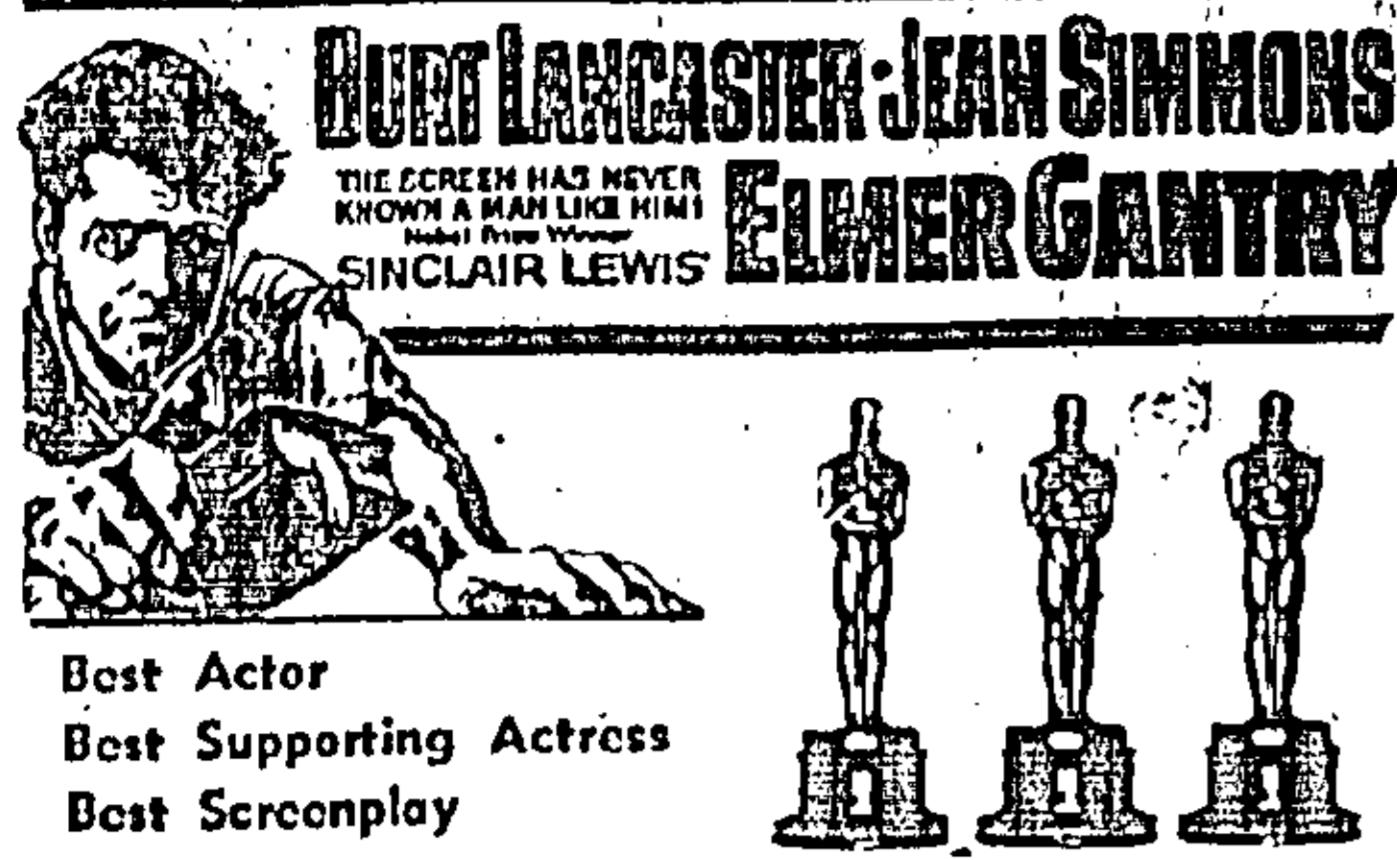
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(Please note change of times)

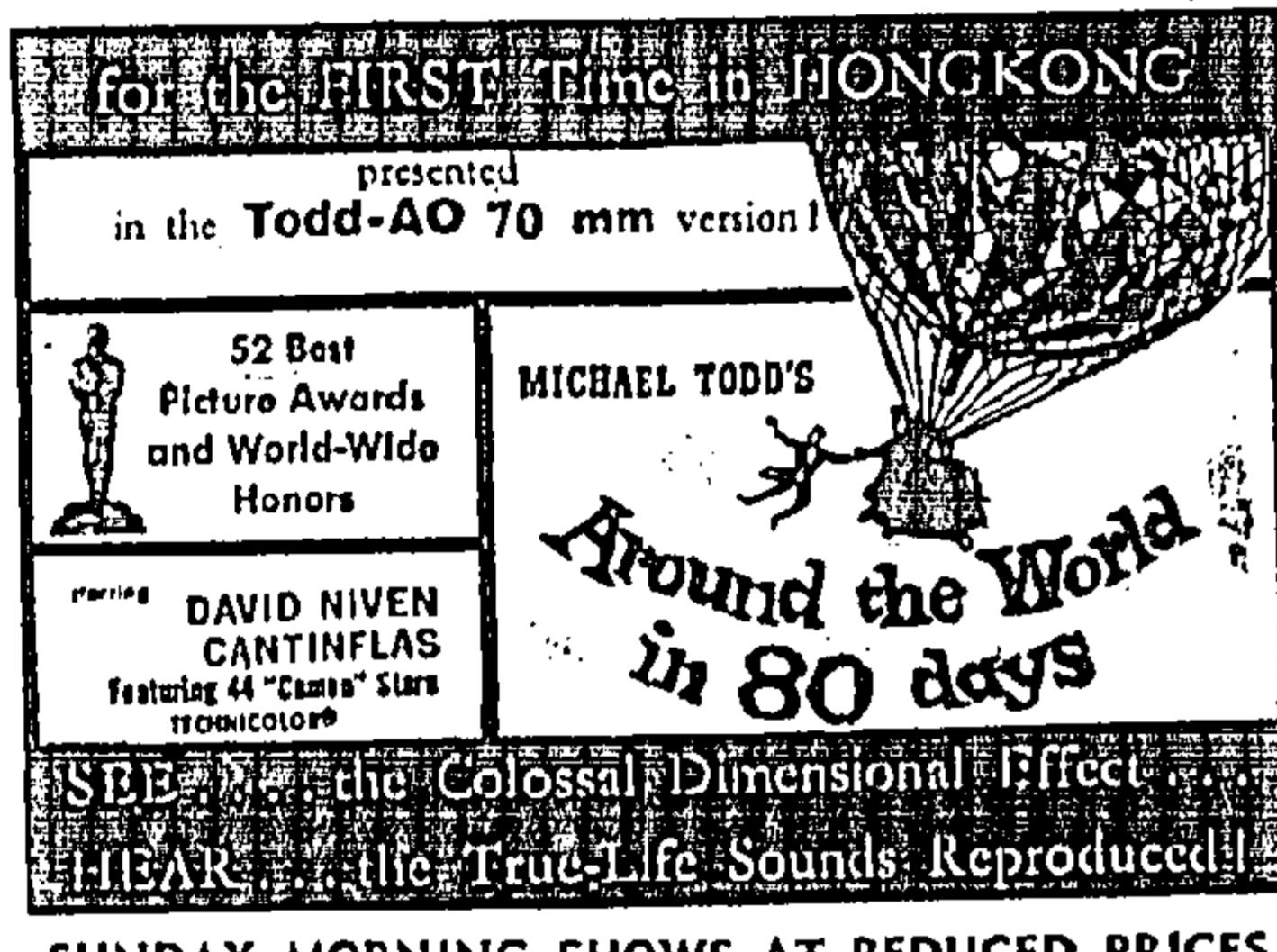
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At 12.30 p.m. "HIT THE DECK"

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12.20 p.m. Rbt. Stark in "JOHN PAUL JONES"  
Hoover 11.00 a.m. Warner Brothers COLOR CARTOONS  
12.15 p.m. John Wayne in "RIO BRAVO"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING  
by ISABEL HOWARD

## "RING OF FIRE"

(Hoover & Gala) is full of splendid photography of the woods of Oregon.

Against this idyllic background we see two youths and a girl whose lives have been linked by petty crime, ganging together to kidnap and rob a handsome police officer, Steve Walsh (played by David Janssen) who is attracted by the girl, Bobbie.

Joyce Taylor in this role as a delinquent gives a fine performance; she gets inside the part and employs all the wiles of a pretty girl who has long since realised the power of her attractions and has learned to exploit them in a hard school.

The two youths are not as well cast as Joyce Taylor, though Frank Gorshin, with his sharp features and expertise with a gun almost convinces us of his desperation.

But the film's real justification is undoubtedly the scenes of epic splendour of a giant forest fire, caught dramatically by expert photography.

Having been captured by the young Walsh makes the best of a bad job and David Janssen gives a good portrayal of an officer trying to do his duty yet save his own skin, and prevent the young delinquents from committing further misdeeds. He is led into the woods, captures Bobbie's gun at one stage but has to yield it later, and then promises to find a log cabin where he knows they can obtain food.

There are some well-timed shots in the film showing the four lonely figures, more and more exhausted as they struggle through the dense woods.

Also the bright little town of Venetian where the sheriff and friends of the popular young officer Walsh prepare to try to move him, going out in parties and searching by helicopter.

When night comes the gang must rest in the forest, and the siren Bobbie tries all her wiles on poor Walsh.

Various events occur before the climax of the film, when a train, driven by Walsh, must pass through a blazing forest, and here are some truly glorious and exciting shots of this inferno. Eventually, when the train has almost reached safety, it has to cross a bridge which is on fire and the crowded carriages must be evacuated by the pandering crowd.

Some good dialogue adds to the pleasures of the picture and in a most difficult role David Janssen, as the police officer, acts extremely well.

Perhaps the rather thin story might have been improved upon—but one forgets its defects when we see the serenity of the forests against Frank's meanness and later see the giant flames and almost smell the acrid smoke from trees blazing from a fire out of control.

"HADJI MURAD, THE WHITE DEVIL" (Roxy & Majestic) is a spectacular Italian film, based on an amusing script



David Janssen as Steve Walsh, the young police officer kidnapped by a trick by the young delinquents Bobbie and Frankie. Bobbie is played by Joyce Taylor and Frankie by Frank Gorshin—an unusually serious role for this versatile young actor. A scene from "Ring of Fire" now showing at the Hoover and Gala.

based on Leone Tolstoy's novel "The White Devil."

The plot lends itself to treatment in the grand manner since its background is the Court of the Czar of All Russia during the revolution of the Cossacks against their masters.

Steve Reeves takes the part of Hadji Murad, the bravest Cossack Chief, and Prince Vorontzoff is played by Gerard Horler.

There are some pretty girls in this colourful film, including Georgia Moll as Saltan, loved by both Hadji and the General Almet Khan.

Rivalry between Hadji Murad and the General is not confined to their love life but appears in their military exploits as well and it is inevitable that a head-on clash between the two men, originating in their claims on the beautiful Saltan, should result in a fight to the death.

Hadji—played by Steve Reeves with his usual vigour and panache—is victorious in love and war—but not before he has indeed suffered the tortures of both.

The gorgeous costumes of the period fit well as does the barbarean splendour are lushly portrayed in effective Eastmancolour.

"THE MILLION POUND NOTE" (State) is very good value.

It tells the fantastic story of how a charming young man—played by Gregory Peck—deals with what proves to be the difficult task of disposing of a million pound note.

In a technically excellent film based on an amusing script

the adventures of the would-be spendthrift move along swiftly to a satisfying and up-to-date climax.

There is also a lot of fun to be had in spotting the galaxy of famous actors and actresses who appear in all sorts of unexpected guises throughout the film.

This is a memorable entertainment.

## ★ ★ ★

## "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS" (Royal).

Those of you who have not yet seen this excellent film should take the opportunity of seeing it at the Royal this week, where they have the Todd-AO screen and multi-channel sound track system enabling the full effect of the film to be shown as originally planned.

Cantinflas, of course, is one of the brightest lights in this film which includes many other well-known stars to illuminate the fantastic story by Jules Verne with a new radiance.

The film is very rightly considered as one of the late Michael Todd's greatest cinematic achievements.

It tells the story of one Phineas Fogg (played by David Niven) who wagers that he can travel round the world in eighty days. No mean achievement at the turn of the century.

There are some fascinating visual efforts as the debonair Phineas and his valet pass through the countries of the world.

Not only is the film easy on the eye but it is also extremely pleasing to the ear with a striking musical score.

So you who complain about the glut of commercial films, here's your chance—"Wild Strawberries" at the Astor.

It's also a lot of fun to be had in spotting the galaxy of famous actors and actresses who appear in all sorts of unexpected guises throughout the film.

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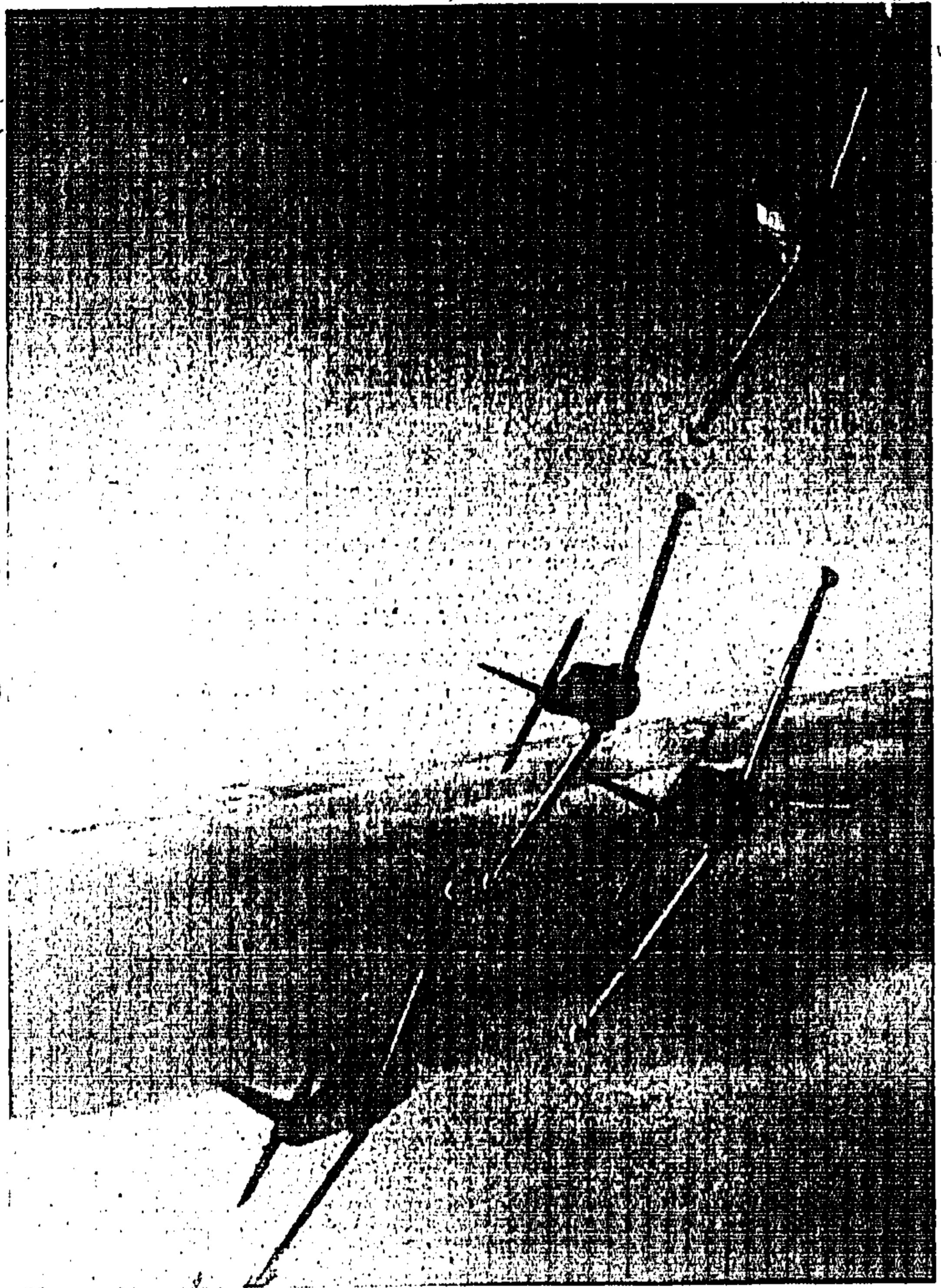
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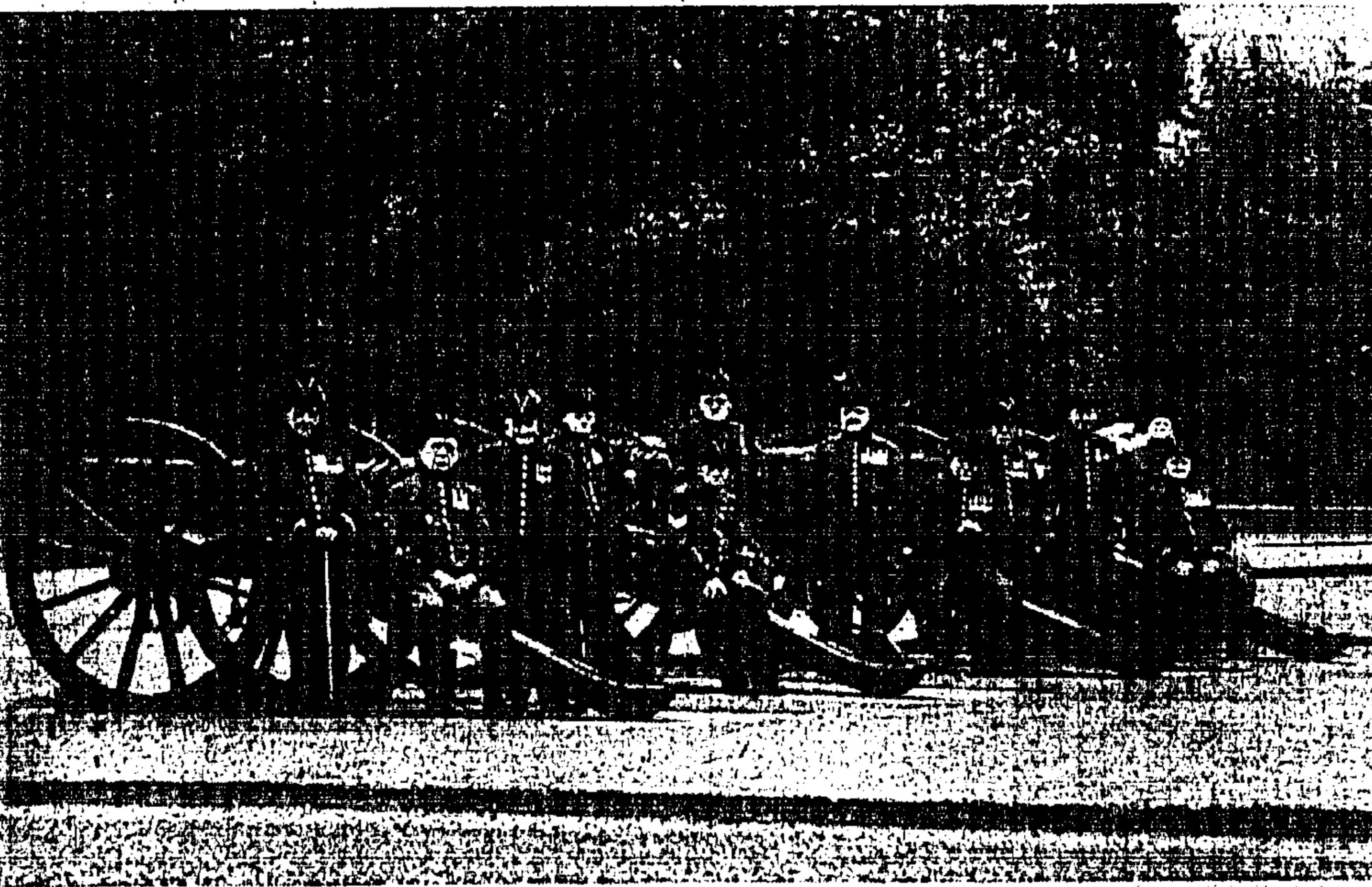
There is also a lot of fun to



# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



**BELOW:** An olive green, waterproof uniform for Mini-cab drivers was modelled in Piccadilly Circus. It will be worn by drivers of the 400 Mini-cabs which will be competing with London taxis from June 19. For some months cartoonists of the London Press have been gleefully anticipating a bitter-war between the regular cab-drivers and the new Minis; with the Minis coming off second best, needless to say, the uniform has been aptly described as a "battledress." The only trouble occurred the other day when Jane Simpson, the attractive 22-year-old driver in our picture, was interviewed by a policeman over a small matter of parking near the Eros Statue.

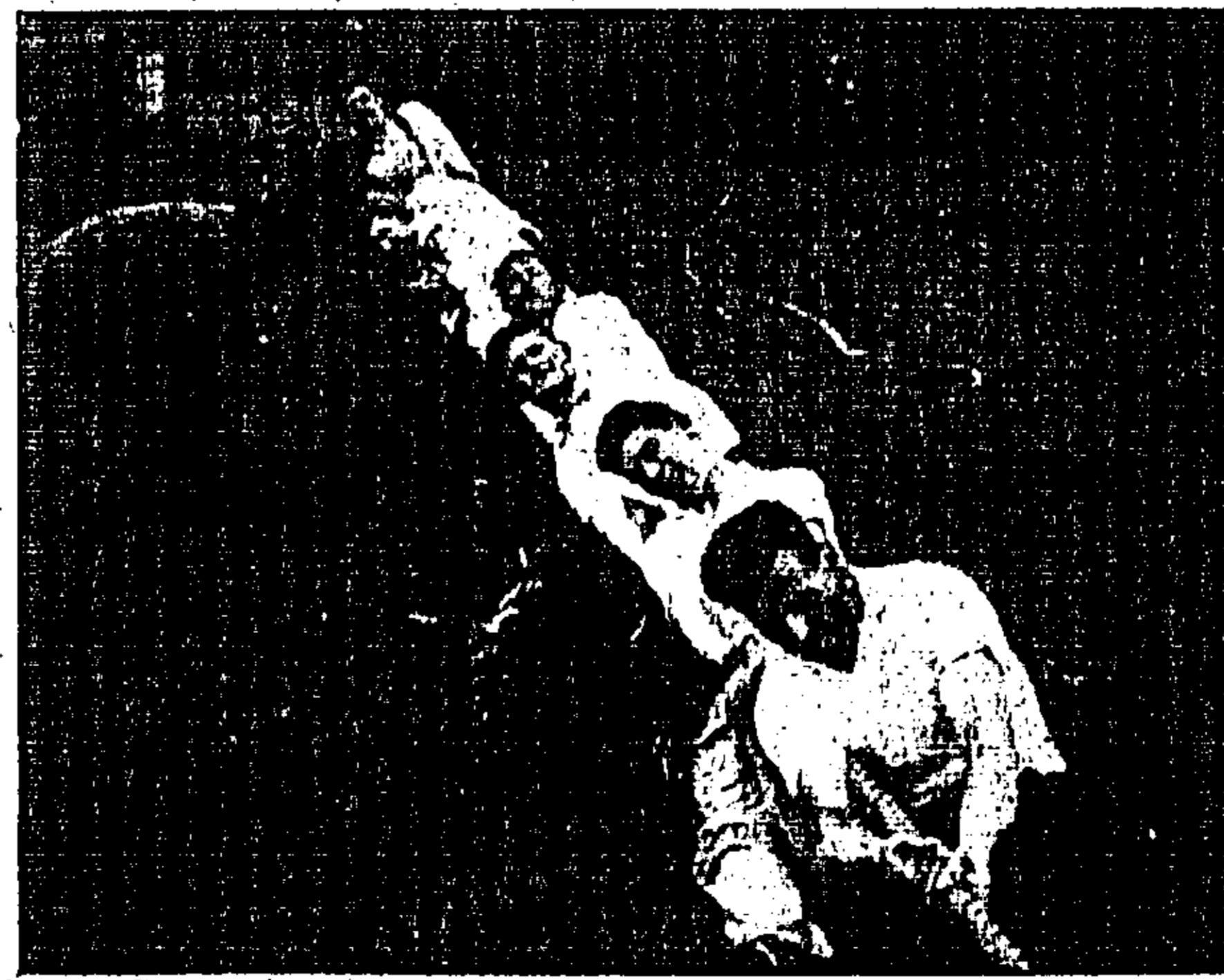


**ABOVE:** Aerial precision—Pilots of the Royal Air Force, Central Flying School's Aerobatic Team, fly their jet Provost aircraft wing-to-wing during a practice flight. Flying skill of the highest order, involving split-second timing of control movements, is called for in synchronised flying of this type.—COI Photo.



**ABOVE:** Her last official engagement until after her baby is born in the autumn—Princess Margaret visits the Royal National Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital, and is soon here talking to Paul Hollingworth; aged six, of Stevenage.

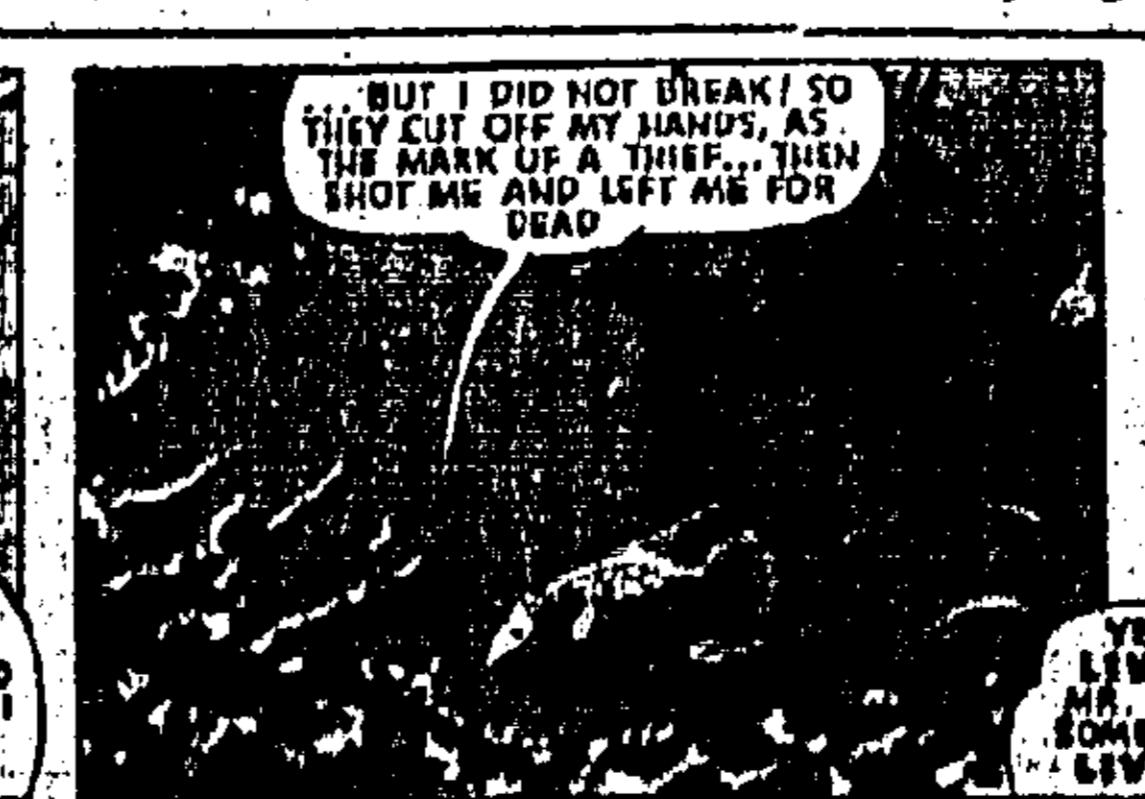
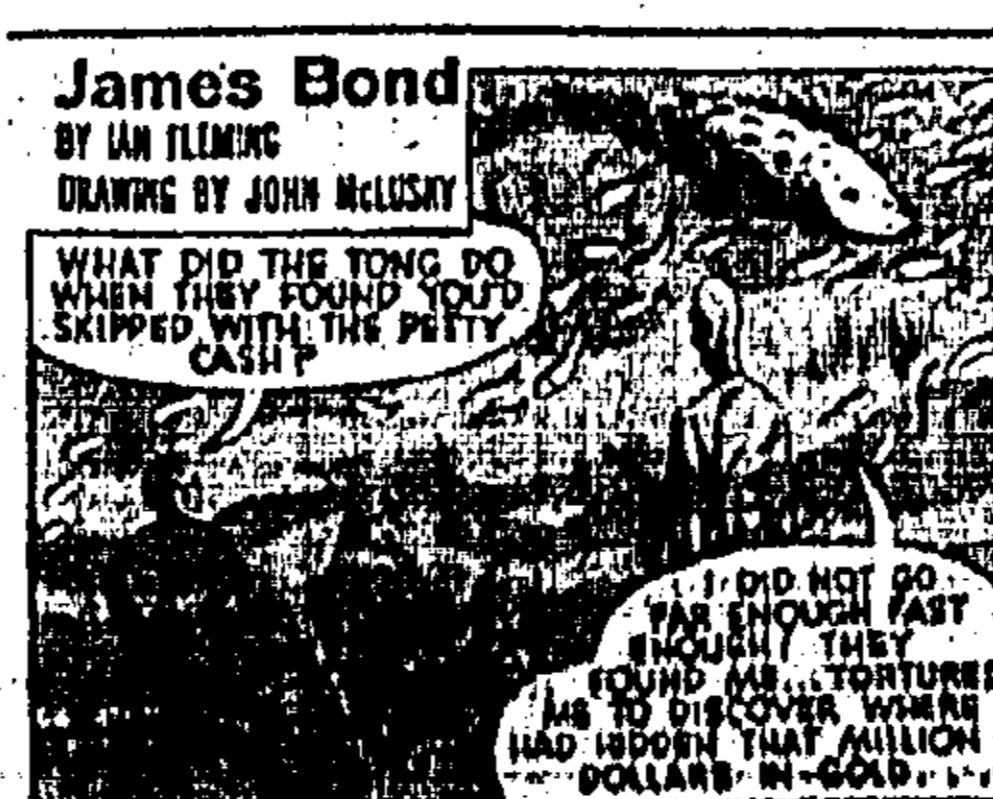
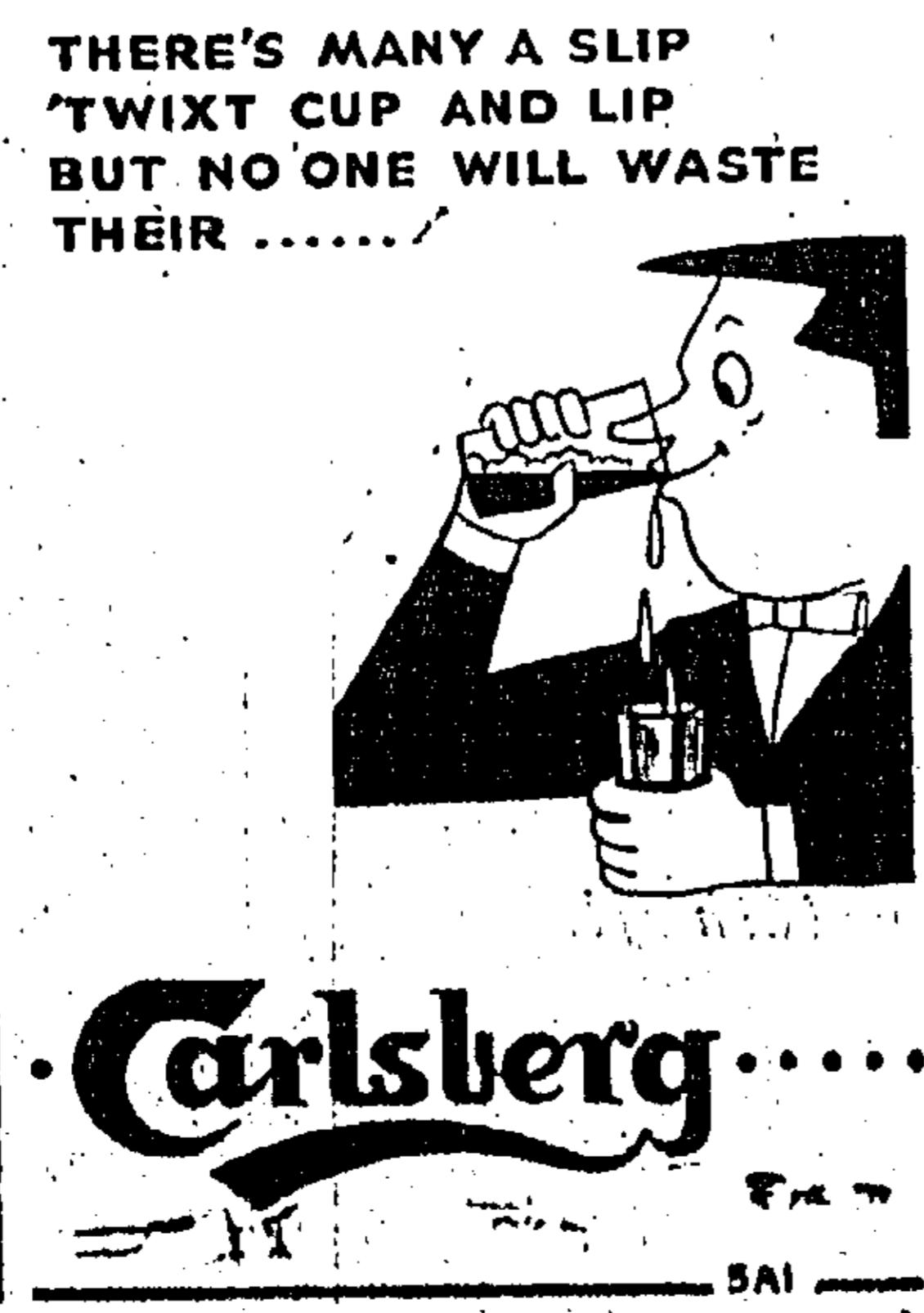
**RIGHT:** Stretching up in front of the fire for a toy on the mantelpiece is no longer dangerous for this little girl. She is quite safe in her tested Bri-Nylon nightdress made from brush nylon fabric, which on contact with a flame will not flare. Instead the fabric will melt and, when it recedes from the flame, will stop melting. Like hot toffee, molten fabric might cause a small local burn—a lesser injury compared with the serious risk from fabrics which flare and cause widespread burns.—COI Photo.



**ABOVE:** These young farmhands laying on a rope in a field in Cheshire, are training to pull for England. They are the team for England in the first international tug-of-war contest, and they beat Sweden at London's White City. And in the next few months they hope to pull against Italy, France, Canada, Belgium, Spain, China and Portugal. The England team are all from Bill Nixon's farm, Outwood Farm, near Manchester's Airport. Bill Nixon coaches, and four of his sons are in the eight-man team. In the national championship, they have won all their 36 pulls.

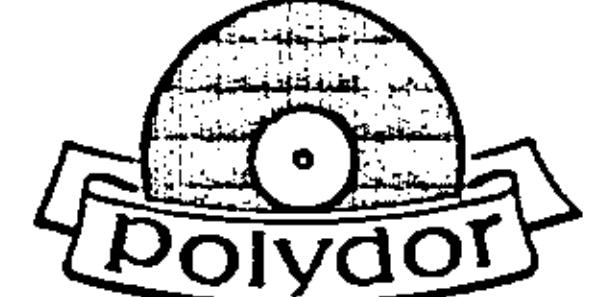


**ABOVE:** Mr. Cecil Hughes demonstrates the new rotary engine, which he has developed in conjunction with an engineering company at Chandler's Ford, Hampshire. The engine, a two-stroke of 700 cubic centimetre capacity, has twelve cylinders which rotate on the axis of the engine assembly. Its design eliminates many of the components found in the conventional petrol engine as it does not employ connecting rods, crankshaft or flywheel; the flywheel effect being provided by the rotation of the engine itself. The manufacturers claim that as the engine has perfect dynamic balance it is completely free from vibration, and can be run at very high speeds.—COI Photo.



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Mindru Katz, the Israeli pianist, practises in Radio Hongkong's Concert Hall for his broadcast recital on Sunday.

## MORE STEREOSPERIMENTS MINDRU KATZ RECITAL

Radio Hongkong's week of demonstration stereo broadcasting—from 10.15 to 11 p.m. nightly—continues from now till next Wednesday.

This evening it's the turn of likely to know its true history. Father Ryan's story behind this Timothy Birch; tomorrow sees a Happy Valley landmark is, it is programme by Ray Cordelio, a hoped, the first of a series of variety of recorded light music, weekly five-minute talks by different people designed to explore from Strauss to present day dance music; on Monday opera (of the popular brand) takes corners of the Colony's history over when Irene Yuen plays and legend.

WOMAN'S WORLD: Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 pm — Since they started Radio Hongkong's women's programme a year ago Murray Leavitt and Thelma Stuart have covered a lot of ground, but rather than look back too complacently on past achievements we find them looking confidently into their second year. In the very immediate future, June programmes include advice on furnishing a child's bedroom, reviews of children's books and gramophone records, as well as of books for adults, news about cosmetics, a round-table discussion on the burning question how and when to tell children 'the facts of life,' a look at locally-produced beach equipment, and a reading of the serial story "Anna of the Five Towns."

These items are, of course, over and above the more routine items like the regular Market Report, recipes, and so on.

TEST CRICKET: Thursday, Friday, Saturday, 11.15 pm — The Australians meet England at Edgbaston for the first in the series of Test Matches on Thursday. Radio Hongkong will relay commentaries on this and following Tests.

MALAYA v SOUTH CHINA: Sunday, 7.15 pm — Armchair football fans in Hongkong will be able to follow Ian Petrie's commentary on the second half of the match at Caroline Hill, when the visiting Malayan team meets Hongkong's champion club, South China.

MORE TALK OF ALEXANDER: Tonight, 6.15 pm — Few broadcasters in Hongkong ever stirred up public attention quite as Stephen Alexander did while he was here. His pithy, often biting, commentaries on society in general and in Hongkong in particular assured him of a regular audience on Friday evenings. Happily his transfer to Britain has not deprived us of him completely, and spasmoidic tapes arrive at Radio Hongkong reflecting — sometimes acidly, but never sourly, and with greater perception than most — on aspects of life in Britain as he sees it. Tonight he talks

following evening (Monday, 7.15 pm Concert Comment).

LOS ANGELES' "BUTTERFLY": Friday, 8.45 pm (FM only)—A Spanish soprano singing the part of the tragic Japanese heroine and a Swedish tenor singing her American lover—in an opera set in Japan, written by an Italian. A combination, if ever, of international talent. Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," while it is certainly one of the most popular of operas, is also one of the most beautiful. The composer himself once referred to it as "the best I've written." Victoria Los Angeles' Butterfly and the late Jussi Björling's Pinkerton led a strong cast of singers in this recording made at the Rome Opera House.

OLD HONGKONG: Wednesday, 6.10 pm—"The cortège will pass the Monument at . . ." We read this sombre statement in the press almost daily. What monument? Perhaps you know which it is, but you are less about church festivals.

TODAY TO FRIDAY, JUNE 9

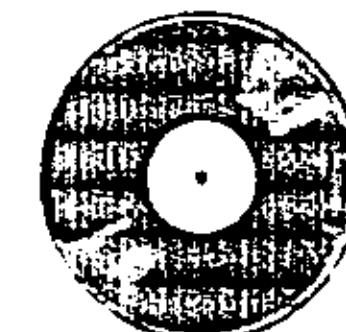
## Today

10.30 am PARIS STAR TIME.  
11.00 SYMPHONY.  
12.00 Noon, PERSPECTIVE—Invitation to Learning.  
12.30 pm BIG BAND SHOW.  
1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.  
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.  
1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
1.30 AFTERNOON RECITAL — Camponi (violin) accompanied by Josephine Lee (Piano).  
2.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR — (repeat Series).  
2.30 MAINLY MUSIC.  
3.00 YOU AND I — Presented by Barbara Lawrence (Final).  
3.30 MARIA CALLAS (SOPRANO).  
4.00 RHYTHM IS THEIR BUSINESS — With Johnny Dankworth and his Orchestra.  
4.30 THE WOODCARVER'S WIFE — A drama by Marjorie Pickthall.  
5.00 TEA DANCE.  
5.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
INTERLUDE.  
6.15 MORE TALK OF ALEXANDER — Stephen Alexander on "Church Festivals."  
6.30 COMPOSER CAVALCADE — Introduced by Aileen Woods.  
7.00 TIME SIGNAL THIS WEEK.  
7.10 FIRST HEARING — Introduced by Arthur Pateman.  
7.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.  
8.15 SELECTIONS FROM MUSICAL COMEDY — The second of 2 programmes. Presented by the Hongkong Singers.  
8.45 SPORTS CAST — Produced by Victor Price.  
9.00 DH BRADLEY REMEMBERS — No. 2 with Trevor Martin and Marjorie Westberry.  
9.20 SING SOMETHING SIMPLE — With the Adam Singers, accom. by The Jack Emblow Quartet.  
9.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.  
10.15 WEATHER REPORT.  
10.30 TIME SIGNAL AND BIG BEN, RADIO NEWSREEL.  
11.15 IN THE COOL COOL COOL OF THE EVENING — Presented by Michael Bulmer.  
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.  
11.59 NEWS HEADLINES.  
12.00 Midnight, TIME SIGNAL CLOSE DOWN — GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

## Sunday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, FIRST DAY FAVOURITES.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 FIRST DAY FAVOURITES — (Cont'd).  
7.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS.  
8.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
9.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
9.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.  
9.15 JOSE ITURBI PLAYS CHOPIN.  
9.30 FORCES FAVOURITES — Presented by Audrey Pateman.  
10.30 MUSIC WE LOVE.  
11.00 SERVICE FROM THE ENGLISH METHODIST CHURCH, WANCHAI — Preacher: Rev. H. J. Hopkins.  
12.00 noon THE AMADEUS STRING QUARTET — With Clifford Curzon (Piano) (Mozart and Franck).  
1.00 pm TIME SIGNAL, GOING TO THE PICTURES — Chairman: Timothy Birch.  
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.  
1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT.  
2.00 THE ARCHERS — (Omnibus edition).  
3.00 HOME AND HOSPITAL REQUESTS.  
4.00 STRICTLY MUSIC.  
5.00 SING IT AGAIN.  
5.30 ORBITER X.  
5.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
INTERLUDE.  
6.15 EVENSONG — Conducted by Rev. H. Stott, RAF.  
6.45 FOUR CORNERS — Folk Songs, Ballads and Traditional Melodies from all parts of the world, introduced by Patricia Penn (Final).  
7.15 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL — South China v. Malaya.  
7.45 FROM THE WEEKLIES.  
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.  
8.15 TALKING ABOUT BOOKS.  
8.30 FROM THE CONCERT HALL — Piano Recital by Mindru Katz.  
9.00 SUNDAY CONCERT.  
9.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.  
10.15 STEREO.  
10.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.  
11.15 EPILOGUE — First Sunday after Trinity, from The Chapel of St John's College, Cambridge.  
11.30 MUSIC — SWEET AND LOVELY — Music for reminiscing.  
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.  
11.59 NEWS HEADLINES.

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Page 1

7.25 INTERLUDE.  
7.30 TED HEATH AND HIS MUSIC.  
7.35 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.  
8.15 DAVID AND BROCCOLI — A comedy by John Mortimer. With John Slater, Denys Blakelock and John Hall. Produced by William Glen-Doevel.  
9.15 WALTER BRUNO REHEARSSES BEETHOVEN.  
9.15 ERICH KUNZ SINGS GERMAN UNIVERSITY SONGS — With Chorus and Orchestra of The Vienna State Opera, conducted by Anton Paulik.  
9.35 WEATHER REPORT.  
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.  
10.15 OPERA IN STEREO.  
10.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND BIG BEN, RADIO NEWSREEL.  
11.15 CANDLELIGHT — Presented by Pamela Johnston.  
11.57 WEATHER REPORT.  
11.59 NEWS HEADLINES.  
12.00 TIME SIGNAL CLOSE DOWN — GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

## Tuesday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, BRIGHT AND EARLY.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 BRIGHT AND EARLY — (Cont'd).  
7.45 WEATHER REPORT.  
7.47 BRIGHT AND EARLY — (Cont'd).  
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.  
8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY, TUESDAY'S TUNES.  
8.40 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.  
9.02 HOME TILL TEN — With Michael Bulmer.  
10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL — (Repeat).  
10.15 THE VOICE OF CONWAY TWITTY.  
10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US — The English Tongue, No. 3 "English As A Second Language."

## ONLY AT MOUTRIES!

Only Moutries, Hong Kong's largest record stockists, can offer you a complete selection of classical and popular records. This week's features include:

DEBUSSY: Images for Orchestra. New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. A 01456 L Mono. AY.835553 Stereo.

DVORAK: String Quartet in E flat major Op. 51. String Quartet in F major Op. 96. The Netherlands String Quartet A 02064 L Mono.

CHOPIN: Piano Concerto No. 2 in F minor Op. 21.

Alexander Uninsky with the Hague Philharmonic conducted by van Otterloo. Polonaise in E flat minor Op. 26 No. 2. Polonaise in C minor Op. 40 No. 2. AY.835063 Stereo.

SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto in D minor Op. 47. David Oistrakh with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. The Swan of Tuonela Op. 22 No. 2; Valse Triste Op. 44. The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. A 01484 L Mono. AY.835570 Stereo.

BEETHOVEN: Sonata No. 17 in D minor Op. 31 No. 2. Sonata No. 18 in E flat major Op. 31 No. 3. Clara Haskil A 02073 L Mono.

SCHONBERG: Quartet No. 1 in D minor Op. 7. The Juilliard String Quartet A 01212 L Mono.

STRAVINSKY: Threni id est Lamentations Jeremias Prophetae for Soli, Mixed Chorus and Orchestra. Columbia Symphony Orchestra and soloists conducted by Igor Stravinsky. Agon — Ballet for twelve dancers. Los Angeles Festival Symphony Orchestra conducted by Igor Stravinsky. A 01450 L Mono.

HOWARD BRUBECK: Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra. The New York Philharmonic with the Dave Brubeck Quartet conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Dave Brubeck Quartet: plays Bernstein originals from "Wonderful Town" and "West Side Story"; A Quiet Girl; Maria; I Feel Pretty; Somewhere; Tonight. TY.885124 Stereo.

## MOUTRIES

Alexandra House, Hong Kong. Tel: 20527  
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon. Tel: 63019

**Radio HK (cont'd.)**

11.00 A HANDEL CONCERT—Chandos Anthems Nos. 1 & 3 Organ Concerto No. 5 in F, Op. 4.

11.00 BOOK MUSIC FROM ITALY—By George Melachrino and his Orchestra.

11.15 FM MID DAY PRAYERS—By Rev. E. J. Hopkins.

11.20 FM FOUR CORNERS.

11.20 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

11.25 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS—Introduced by Aileen Woods.

11.30 WOMAN'S WORLD—Produced by Murray Leavitt, introduced by Thelma Stuart.

11.30 ARTISTRY IN RHYTHM.

11.30 WE LIVE AND LEARN—Image America Programme 9 "Education" Part 2.

11.30 MUSICAL LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES—(Walter Schumann-Amer. Comp.).

11.30 BEWARE THE HISTER—A serial in eight parts by Howard St. John, Ep. 1 "The Talcative Traveller".

11.30 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Pamela.

11.30 HOMEWARD BOUND—Music for tired workers.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.30 INTERLUDE.

11.30 SUNDAY SERENADE.

11.30 THE ARCHERS.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY—A daily news magazine, produced by Michael Page.

11.30 THIS WAS D-DAY.

11.30 AT THE PIANO.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

11.30 FILM FOCUS.

11.30 RECORD REVIEW—Introduced by Cite Simpson.

11.30 THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE—Medical and Health.

11.30 BOB LIN WU AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

11.30 STEREO.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.

11.30 THE STORY ABOUT THE ECOSO—A poem written and read by Christopher Logue.

11.30 MUSIC FOR SWEETHEARTS.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 BIG TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

**Wednesday**

11.00 AM TIME SIGNAL, RISING NOTES.

11.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.20 RISING NOTES—(Cont'd.).

11.25 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 RISING NOTES—(Cont'd.).

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.30 PROGRAMME PARADE.

11.30 DIARY FOR TODAY, MID WEEK MELODIES.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

11.30 HOME TILL TEN—with David Denkley.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL—(Repeat).

11.30 THE VOICE OF GOGI GRANT.

11.30 THE WORLD AROUND US.

11.30 SUOH ANGELICA (PECCINI).

11.30 LET'S MAKE MUSIC.

11.30 THE GOON SHOW—"The Mountain Men" (Repeat).

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.30 LUNCH-TIME MUSIC.

11.30 SING SOMETHING SIMPLE—(Repeat of last Saturday's Broadcast).

11.30 DR. BRADLEY REMEMBERS—(Repeat of last Saturday's Broadcast).

11.30 WE LIVE AND LEARN—Image America, Prog. 9 "Education" Part 3.

11.30 MUSIC FROM CANADA.

11.30 BIRDFORD.

11.30 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Pamela.

11.30 HOMEWARD BOUND.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.30 OLD HONGKONG—Corner of the Colony's history and legend, explored. 1 "The Movement" by the Rev. Father T.F. Ryan, S.J.

11.30 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND.

11.30 SPEAKING GENERALLY—(A British Council Programme).

11.30 THE ARCHERS.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY—A daily news magazine, produced by Michael Page.

11.30 THE THREE GENERATIONS OF JAZZ—The first of two programmes describing the story of Jazz. A VOA presentation.

11.30 INTERLUDE.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

11.30 BOOKSHOP.

11.30 FROM THE CONCERT HALL—Violin recital by Renée Furet with Merv Hart at the piano.

11.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA—By Alastair Cooke.

11.30 WE'RE IN THE BUSINESS—With Peter Jones and Harry Worth in "The Regimental Dinner". Produced by Charles Maxwell.

11.30 EDDIE HEYWOOD AT THE PIANO.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

11.30 STEREO.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.

11.30 CHOPAFA.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 NEWS HEADLINES.

11.30 BIG TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

**Thursday**

11.00 AM TIME SIGNAL, UP WITH THE SUN.

11.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

11.20 UP WITH THE SUN—(Cont'd.).

11.25 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 UP WITH THE SUN—(Cont'd.).

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

11.30 COMMENTARY.

11.30 CANADIAN SHOWCASE—Terry Dale (Singer), Albert Fritz (Violin solo), Albert

Pratz and his Orchestra (AM Only).

8.30 CONVERSATIONS WITH ROBERT GRAVES—The second of two programmes recorded in Majorca, by D. G. Wilson (AM ONLY).

9.00 BBC NORTHERN ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY JOHN HOPKINS (AM ONLY).

9.10 DOES THE TEAM THINK? (AM ONLY).

9.30 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN (AM ONLY).

10.15 WE'RE IN THE BUSINESS—With Peter Jones and Harry Worth in "The Regimental Dinner" (Repeat) (AM ONLY).

10.45 HAWAII CALLS (AM ONLY).

10.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

11.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN (AM ONLY).

11.15 CRICKET—THE FIRST TEST MATCH—England vs Australia. Second Day's play at Edgbaston, Birmingham.

11.45 APPROX. RELAX WITH THE GEORGE MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA—The Melachrino Orchestra cond. by George Melachrino.

11.57 WEATHER REPORT.

11.59 NEWS HEADLINES.

12.00 MIDNIGHT TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

**FM ONLY**

8.15 THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE—Medical and Health: The second of two talks by the Director of the Medical and Health Department, D. J. M. Mackenzie (Repeat).

8.45 AT THE OPERA—"Madame Butterfly" (Puccini). Victoria de Los Angeles & Jussi Björling Orchestra and chorus of the Opera House Rome conducted by Gabriele Santini.

8.45 THE PRINCE OF PEACE—Ep. 24 "The Raising of Lazarus".

9.00 NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS AND WEATHER FORECAST.

9.15 ACCENT ON THE ACCORDION.

9.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.

10.30 THE NAVY LARK (Repeat).

11.00 MOVIE MAGAZINE (Repeat).

11.30 ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

12.00 Noon SECOND SPRING—Omnibus Edition.

12.45 pm ORCHESTRA OF THE WEEK.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT, NEWS AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 THE JIM AMEche SHOW.

2.30 SUNDAY CONCERT—Vaughn Williams's Ninth Symphony.

3.30 WAX TO WATCH—Presented by John Shepard.

4.30 ALBUM OF WALTZES.

5.00 YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT.

6.00 THE BALLAD HUNTER—With Bruce Turner's Jumbo Band.

7.00 IDEA AND THE THEATRE.

7.30 MUSIC FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

8.00 BBC NEWS.

8.30 WEATHER FORECAST.

8.40 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.

8.45 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC—With Cy Grant.

8.50 THE PRINCE OF PEACE—Ep. 24 "The Raising of Lazarus".

9.00 IN LIGHTER MOOD—With Malcolm Lockyer And His Orchestra (Final).

9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

9.35 TAKE IT FROM HERE.

10.05 CLASSICS IN HI-FI.

11.00 STOP PRESS.

11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.

12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"—Close Down.

**REDIFFUSION****'PAUL TEMPLE AND THE GILBERT CASE'**

Once again the most popular radio sleuth in Britain finds himself on the track of a dangerous criminal. Paul Temple and his wife and chief helper, Steve, are within two days of leaving London for a well-earned holiday in the south of France.

Needless to say, the holiday has to be postponed, for a time at least—the time it takes Temple to find the real murderer in a case for which a man has already been convicted, and to save the innocent man, Howard Gilbert, from the gallows.

The murdered girl was Brenda Stirling, and it is her father who gets Paul Temple interested. Wilfrid Stirling is convinced of Gilbert's innocence, even though his own evidence had helped to condemn the young man.

He has a hunch, a feeling he can't explain, that's all; not much to go on, Paul Temple feels. But Stirling mentions one fact that had been dismissed by the police as unimportant.

In his daughter's diary there was an entry for May 12th which read 'L. Fairfax—8.30.' Who was L. Fairfax, and what—if anything—had he to do with Brenda's death?

Trying to find the answer to these questions, Temple launches himself and his long-suffering wife on a series of adventures that end—for the time being—when Howard Gilbert is released from gaol and their holiday can begin at last.

"Paul Temple and the Gilbert Case" can be heard over the Blue Network of Rediffusion, on Tuesdays at 9 o'clock.

On Mondays at 9.35 pm Rediffusion presents "A Many Splendoured Thing," a serialised dramatisation of Miss Han Suyin's most controversial book. The story has a Hongkong-Macao setting and is told in the first person by actress Sheila Sewell, who portrays Han Suyin in the serial. Other parts are played by Ray Barrett, Moray Powell, Pamela Page and Beverley Reid.

On Wednesdays at 10 o'clock Rediffusion presents "Guilty Party" with a panel which include John Arlott—radio commentator, poet, author and ex-police detective, ex-detective superintendent Robert Fabian of Scotland Yard, and F. R. Buckley—broadcaster author, explorer and war correspondent.

Continuing with this popular series of crime puzzles, the BBC Transcription Service gives listeners six more chances to try and spot the criminal before the experts do. The programmes are battles of wits between actors who perform a short thriller, and a panel of well-known people, who cross-examine the suspects. The answers are entirely unscripted, and all but the Guilty Party himself must tell the truth. The latter, however, is permitted to lie to his—or her—heart's content. As in previous series, Jon Farrell, as Joe McCready, private investigator, presents the problem with the help of Hamilton Dyce as Police-Inspector Galloway. The programmes are devised by Edward J. Mason, who writes the plays and introduces the suspects and Tony Shryane, who produces.

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9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

9.35 DANCE MUSIC.

10.05 THE JIM AMEche SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW.

11.00 STOP PRESS.

11.05 THE JIM AMEche SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW—Continued.

12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"—Close Down.

9.35 SUNDAY SERENADE.

9.45 DIXIE AM. WITH THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND.

9.50 CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST.

9.55 NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS AND WEATHER FORECAST.

10.00 ACCENT ON THE ACCORDION.

10.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.

10.35 THE NAVY LARK (Repeat).

11.00 MOVIE MAGAZINE (Repeat).

11.30 ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.

12.00 Noon SECOND SPRING—Omnibus Edition.

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5.00 YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT.

6.00 THE BALLAD HUNTER—With Bruce Turner's Jumbo Band.

7.00 IDEA AND THE THEATRE.

7.30 MUSIC FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

8.00 BBC NEWS.

(Rediffusion cont'd)

10.45 THE LIMELITERS.  
11.00 COFFEE TIME.  
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.  
11.45 RECITAL.  
12.00 Noon PROGRESSIVE JAZZ.  
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE—  
Grover X (Repeat).  
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.  
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER RE-  
PORT.  
1.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.  
2.07 MELODY TIME.  
4.02 TEA DANCE.  
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY—  
Drama, Excitement And  
Homely Humour In The Life  
Of A Clergyman.  
5.30 THURSDAY REQUESTS—  
Presented by Tony Myatt.  
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With  
Mike Ellery.  
7.00 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND.  
7.15 YESTERDAY'S HITS.  
7.45 REDIFFUSION BYLINE.  
8.00 BBC NEWS.  
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.  
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND IN-  
TERLUDE.  
8.15 MOVIE MAGAZINE.  
8.45 JAZZ FROM CANADA.  
9.00 PAUL TEMPLE AND THE  
GILBERT CASE "THE THIRD  
SHOE"—With Peter Coke And  
Marjorie Westbury.  
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND  
ANNIVERSARIES.  
9.35 LAUGH TILL YOU CRY—  
Australia's Funnest Show,  
With Harry Denton, George  
Foster and Grandpa.  
10.00 THE JIM ANECKE SHOW.  
11.00 STOP PRESS.  
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.  
12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE  
QUEEN"—Close Down.

**Wednesday**

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.  
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER  
FORECAST.  
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.  
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.  
9.02 MORNING MATINEE—with  
TONY Myatt.  
10.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.  
10.30 SECOND SPRING.  
10.45 V.I.P. DAMONE (Final).  
11.00 COFFEE TIME.  
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.  
11.45 RECITAL.  
12.00 Noon SING SOMETHING  
SIMPLE (Repeat).  
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE—  
The Clitheroe Kid (Repeat).  
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.  
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER RE-  
PORT.  
1.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE—  
(Repeat).  
2.00 MELODY TIME.  
4.02 TEA DANCE.  
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY—  
Drama, Excitement And  
Homely Humour In The Life  
Of A Clergyman.  
5.30 SIR KONG REQUESTS.  
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With  
Mike Ellery.  
7.00 SING ALONG WITH US.  
7.15 YOUR HONGKONG HIT  
PARADE.  
7.45 YOU SAID IT! LISTENERS'  
RECORDED COMMENTS ON  
TOPICS OF THE DAY.  
8.00 BBC NEWS.  
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.  
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND IN-  
TERLUDE.  
8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.  
8.30 DIAMOND MUSIC SHOW.  
9.00 THE FLYING DOCTOR.  
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND  
ANNIVERSARIES.  
9.35 ODYSSEY TO EUROPE.  
10.00 GUILTY PARTY.  
10.30 SWETT WITH A BEAT.  
11.00 STOP PRESS.  
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.  
12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE  
QUEEN"—Close Down.

**Thursday**

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.  
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER  
FORECAST.  
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.  
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.  
9.02 MORNING MATINEE.  
10.00 EMANUEL VARDI AND  
HIS ORCHESTRA.  
10.30 SECOND SPRING.  
10.45 RICHARD HILEY SINGS HITS  
FROM THE SHOWS.  
11.00 COFFEE TIME.  
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.  
11.45 RECITAL.  
12.00 Noon CENTURY OF SONG—  
(Repeat).  
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE—  
In Lighter Mood (Repeat).  
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.  
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER RE-  
PORT.  
1.30 MODERN JAZZ.  
2.00 MELODY TIME.  
4.02 TEA DANCE.  
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.  
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY—  
Drama, Excitement And  
Homely Humour In The Life  
Of A Clergyman.  
5.30 THURSDAY REQUESTS—  
Presented by Tony Myatt.  
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With  
Mike Ellery.  
7.00 MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH.  
7.15 QUESTION MARK.  
7.45 LAUGHING AT LIFE.  
8.00 BBC NEWS.  
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.  
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND IN-  
TERLUDE.  
8.15 THE JIM ANECKE SHOW.  
8.30 RIAP OKANE.  
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND  
ANNIVERSARIES.  
9.35 SING SOMETHING SIMPLE.  
10.05 MUSIC TIME—Prepared and  
Presented by Charles Harvey.  
10.50 WALTZ TIME WITH LOUIS  
VOSS—And THE INTER-  
NATIONAL THEATRE OR-  
CHESTRA.  
11.00 STOP PRESS.—  
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.  
12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE  
QUEEN"—Close Down.

**Friday**

7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK—Continued.  
8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER  
FORECAST.  
8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.  
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.  
9.02 MORNING MATINEE.  
10.00 MARCHING AND WALTZ-  
ING.  
10.30 SECOND SPRING.  
10.45 NAT KING COLE.  
11.00 COFFEE TIME.  
11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.  
11.45 RECITAL.  
12.00 Noon STARS ON WINGS—  
(Repeat).  
12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE—  
Life With The Lyons (Repeat).  
1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.  
1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER RE-  
PORT.  
1.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA.  
1.45 TED HEATH AND HIS  
MUSIC.  
2.15 MELODY TIME.  
4.00 TEA DANCE.  
4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER—

Presented by Auntie Dea.  
5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY—  
Drama, Excitement And  
Homely Humour In The Life  
Of A Clergyman.  
5.30 F B I D A Y REQUESTS—  
Presented by Tony Myatt.  
6.00 ANYTHING GOES — With  
Mike Ellery.  
7.00 CONCERT CAMEOS—with  
The Rosario Bourdon Sym-  
phony.  
7.15 THIRTY TO ONE—Presenting  
The Musical Choice of The  
Franco Family of 22 Ma Tru  
Wei Rd., 4th Fl. Apt. 86,  
Block "C", Kowloon.  
7.45 REDIFFUSION BYLINE—  
News, Views and Interviews.  
8.00 BBC NEWS.  
8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.  
8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND IN-  
TERLUDE.  
8.15 BEYOND OUR KEN.  
8.45 THE JACKIE ROBINSON  
SHOW.  
9.00 ORBITER X—"Borderers In  
Space".  
9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND  
ANNIVERSARIES.  
9.35 RECORD BREAKERS—  
Presented by John Shepard.  
10.00 MOONLIGHT SERENADE.  
11.00 STOP PRESS.  
11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.  
12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE  
QUEEN"—Close Down.

**Saturday**

5.00 pm CHINESE CHILDREN'S  
TALENT SHOW.  
5.15 "LAUREL & HARDY."  
5.30 "LIFE ON THE WESTERN  
MARCHES."  
5.35 CARTOONS.  
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

7.30 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.

7.35 "WELL'S FARGO."

8.00 THE WORLD NEWS—(Chinese  
Commentary).

8.10 "NO HIDING PLACE."

8.15 THE WORLD NEWS—(English  
Commentary).9.15 ON THE SPOT—Features the  
pick of the personalities who  
pass through Hongkong.

9.30 CANTONESE FEATURE.

11.15 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

7.35 "THE ADVENTURES OF  
ROBIN HOOD."  
8.00 THE WORLD NEWS—(Chinese  
Commentary).  
8.15 "THE MANTOVANI SHOW."  
8.30 "MAN WITH A CANE."  
8.45 THE WORLD NEWS—(English  
Commentary).  
9.15 "THE AMERICANS."  
10.05 "THE INNOCENT YEARS."  
11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

**Sunday**

5.00 pm "WILLY THE WON-  
DERFUL."  
5.15 "SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK"  
Presented by Pat Doherty.  
5.30 "PET CARSON"—Starting  
Mike Williams.  
6.00 CLOSE DOWN.

7.10 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.

7.35 "THE ADVENTURES OF  
AGGIE."8.00 THE WORLD NEWS—(Chinese  
Commentary).

8.10 "YOU ASKED FOR IT."

8.15 "BOB Q.C."

8.45 THE WORLD NEWS—(English  
Commentary).9.15 "THE FEANNE LANE  
SHOW."9.45 "ON TRIAL" PRESENTS  
"THE TRIAL OF SPENCER  
COWPER."

10.30 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.

11.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

COMMERCIAL RADIO 1530 kcs 196 mtr.

**NIGHT CLUB SINGERS  
IN A NEW SERIES**

The percentage of the population of any country which frequents nightclubs is a small one, and here it is probably smaller than most other places. To bring some of our nightclub singers to a wider public is the intention of the first of a short series of programmes which starts on Sunday evening.

In these programmes the Act of Donizetti's Opera Lucia singer is featured as a soloist di Lammermoor, starring Eily and not as someone who makes Pons and Richard Tucker. The Chorus and Orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera Association are conducted by Feusto Cleva.

Opening the series is the Tuesday's Canadian Short Story is The Doctor's Son by Horley Callaghan, and is read by Alan King at 8.30 in the evening. This tells the story of the dedicated doctor whose desire for his son to follow in his footsteps causes him to interfere in his affairs with devastating results.

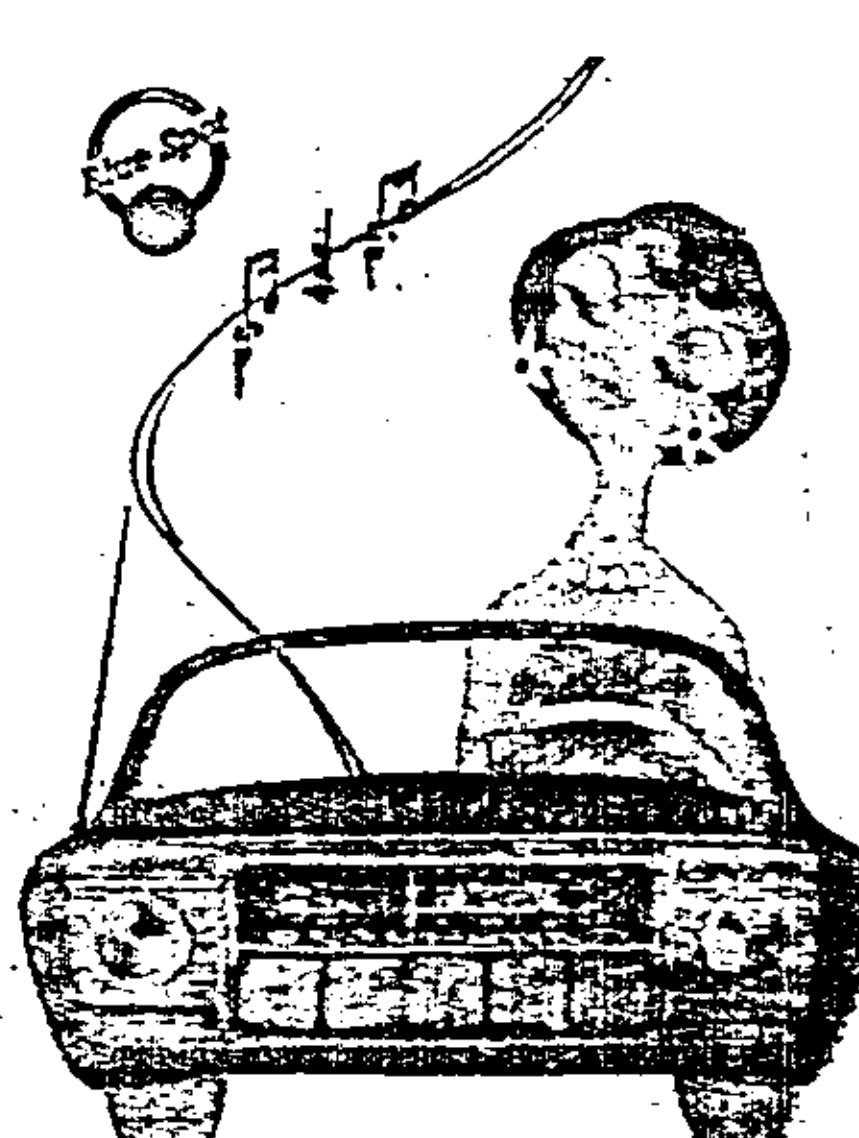
Another extract from the recent recital by the Juilliard String Quartet in the hall of Wah Yan College, Hongkong is included in the concert at 5 o'clock on Monday. It is Bela Bartok's Quartet No. 3 and was recorded by the Voice of America.

When Helen Traubel forsakes the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York to appear in nightclubs, the purists raised their hands in horror.

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## (Commercial cont'd)

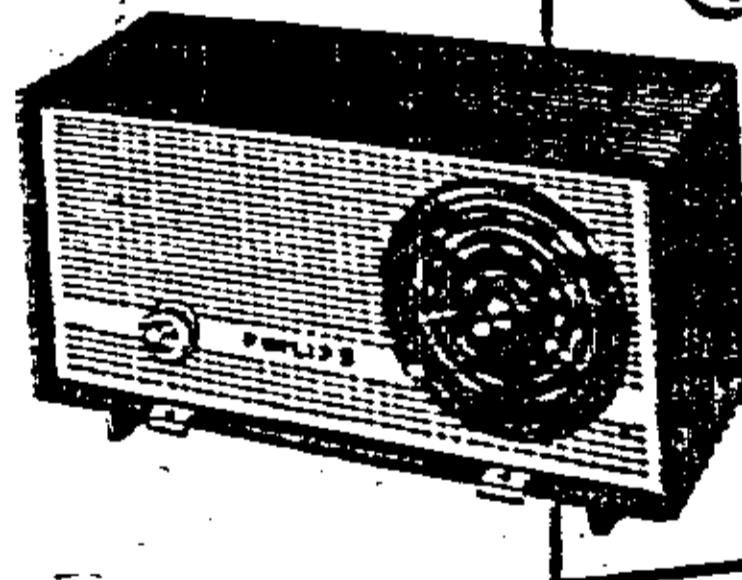
Eileen Farrell has not forsaken the opera stage but her recent recording no doubt caused a few eyebrows to be raised. Accompanied by Luther Henderson's Orchestra, she shows that she is a singer with a surprising feeling for jazz. Extracts from this record entitled 'I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues' are on the air from 10.15-10.30 on Wednesday night.

Taking the place of Phillips Music Box from 8.30 to 9 on Sunday evening is a new show presented by Dick Halvorsen. Music for the Happy Family features the latest records—and some popular old ones.

Bob Williams is your host in Lunchtime Rendezvous from Monday to Friday from 12 to 2 with the noon closing rates from the Hongkong Stock Exchange at 12.15 and the International Market Report brought to you by Reuters at 12.30.

## Today

11.30 AM SOUTH OF THE BORDER.  
11.30 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.  
11.30 PM NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
2.00 BIRLEY'S OPEN HOUSE — With Bob Williams and occasional visit to the Square Room.  
4.30 CONTINENTAL ENCORES — With Michel Legrand, Johannes Petter and Sabina.  
4.30 DICK HALVORSEN BRINGS YOU MUSIC FROM SCHWEPPES CONCERT HALL.  
6.30 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.  
8.15 SONNET FOR THIS EVENING AND MAN ABOUT TOWN, NAI KING COLE.  
8.30 AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL.  
11.30 NEWS HEADLINES, A BRITISH INTERLUDE — With Sir John Gielgud, Peter Yorkie and His Orchestra, George Melly and the St. Philips Chorus.  
11.30 EXTRACTS FROM THE SOUNDTRACK OF PEPE.  
11.30 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
11.30 VIC SCHOEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA.  
11.30 MURDER AT MIDNIGHT — The Crime.  
11.30 NEWS HEADLINES, STRING SERENADE.

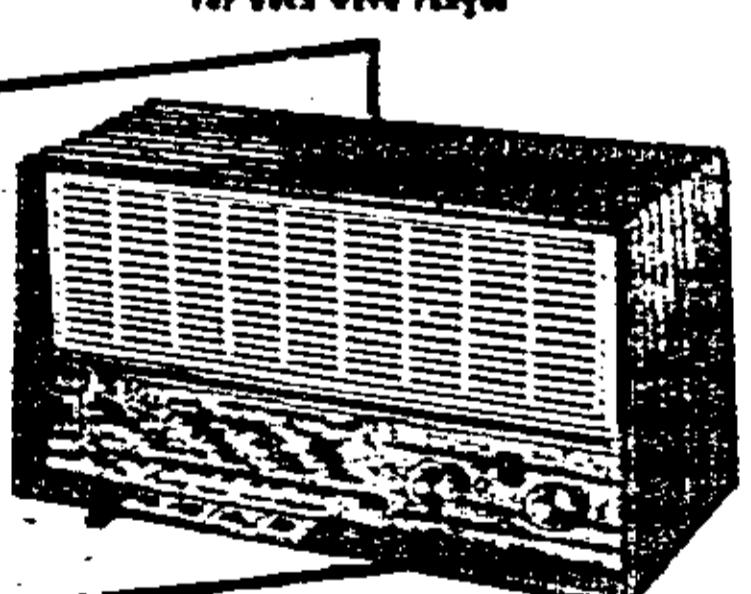
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## Sunday

7.00 am AROUND THE WORLD — With Bill Williams.  
9.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
9.15 THE VOICE OF AL JOLSON.  
9.30 SUNDAY VARIETY.  
10.00 'YOURS FOR THE ASKING.'  
11.00 PIANO INTERLUDE.  
11.15 SUNDAY STRINGS.  
11.45 SOUNDS FROM ESSES.  
12.00 noon YOUR TEN MINUTE MUSICAL — Presented by John Wallace.  
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
1.30 YOUR TEN MINUTE MUSICAL — Cont.  
3.15 PROMENADE.  
3.45 DANCE MUSIC FROM BAND STAND SEVEN — Introduced by John Gunstone.  
5.15 SERVICES SPECIAL.  
6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.  
6.10 APPROX SPRING EVENING SERENADE.  
6.30 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.  
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES AND TO YOU ALOHA.  
7.30 SUNDAY CONCERT OF MUSIC BY Edo Giordani Sartori.  
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
8.15 FATHER SYDNEY MACEWAN SINGS SONGS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.  
8.30 DICK HALVORSEN — With Music for The Happy Family.  
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, MUSIC WE LOVE.  
9.15 SINGING FOR YOU — The first in a series by Hongkong singers with Vic Ignacio bass, Junior Carpio drums, and Nick Demuth piano. The Voice of Pan Wan Ching.  
9.30 WRITER'S CORNER — Compiled and introduced by George Ramage.  
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
10.15 THE LATE SHOW — With Bob Williams.  
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
11.15 VIC SCHOEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA.  
11.30 MURDER AT MIDNIGHT — The Crime.  
11.30 NEWS HEADLINES, STRING SERENADE.

## Monday

7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.  
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.  
8.15 OPERA RECITAL — By Just Bjorling.

8.30 CANADIAN SHORT STORIES II — The Doctor's Son by Merv Callaghan, read by Alan King.  
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, MAX STEINER'S ORCHESTRA.  
9.15 RADIO REPORT.

9.30 CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT.  
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 KENDALL'S CORNER.

11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT — Close Down.

1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY — J.S. Bach. Suites No. 1 and 2.

3.00 approx INTERLUDE — By Mary Collins.

4.00 KEYBOARD MEDLEY.

4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.

5.00 CLASSICAL CONCERT — Including Bela Bartok's Quartet No. 3 played by the Juilliard String Quartet and record by VOA at the recent recital in the hall of Wah Yan College, Hongkong.

5.30 COMBO TIME.

6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.

6.10 approx CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG EXCHANGE. MUSIC FROM BEHNEE BLUE SKIES.

6.30 THE HI FI CLUB.

7.00 NEWS HEADLINES AND BORIS SARBECK'S ORCHESTRA.

7.15 CELLO RECITAL — By Pierre Fournier.

7.30 AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

8.30 DIAMOND TIME.

9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, FRANK FOURCELL'S STRINGS.

9.15 RADIO REPORT.

9.30 TAKE THIRTY — With Dick Halvorsen.

10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 PIANO PLAYTIME.

10.30 MONDAY CONCERT OF MUSIC — By Glazounov.

11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.

12.00 Mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT — Close Down.

## Tuesday

7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.  
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.10 LET'S FACE IT — Cont.

9.00 HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.

9.30 MUSIC FOR THE BALLET.

10.30 MUSIC FOR THE JOY OF LIVING.

11.00 AMERICA ON STAGE — Part 12 (Repeat).

11.30 DROP ME OFF UP TOWN.

12.00 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.

1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS — Cont.

2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY — Schubert. Quartet No. 15 in C major, op. 161.

2.45 approx INTERLUDE.

3.00 FOR THE LADIES — Presented by Mary Collins.

4.00 STRINGS FOR TEA TIME.

4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.

5.00 THAT LATIN BEAT.

5.30 PASSPORT TO ROMANCE — With Hal March and Julie London.

6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.

6.10 approx CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE, FOLLOWED BY ON WINGS OF SONG.

6.30 NICK KENDALL AND THE TOP TEN, A HIT PARADE BASED ON RECORDS THAT RECEIVE THE MOST REQUESTS DURING THE PREVIOUS WEEK.

7.00 NEWS HEADLINES, HAZEL SCOTT AT THE PIANO.

7.15 EPISODE 89 — Superman.

7.30 QUESTION AND ANSWER —

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.92m)

## SATURDAY, JUNE 3

8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, Sports Round-Up.  
8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.  
8.45 MY PIANO AND I.  
9.00 CRICKET, Sussex v. The Australians.  
9.35 FORCES' FAVOURITES.  
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, The World Today.  
10.30 RHYTHM COCKTAIL.  
10.45 LISTENERS' CHOICE.  
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 4

8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, Sports Round-Up.  
8.30 THE MUSICAL FILM, 3: Choreography and the Musical.  
9.00 NO MAN IS A HERO, by Stephen Grenell.  
9.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE.  
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, The Onlooker—People, Places and Events.  
10.30 MEN AND THEIR SKILLS.  
10.45 BBC WEST OF ENGLAND PLAYERS.  
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

## MONDAY, JUNE 5

8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, Review of the Sporting Press.  
8.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA.

8.00 With John Wallace.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.15 OPERA RECITAL — By Just Bjorling.

8.30 CANADIAN SHORT STORIES II — The Doctor's Son by Merv Callaghan, read by Alan King.

9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, MAX STEINER'S ORCHESTRA.

9.15 RADIO REPORT.

9.30 CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT.

10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 KENDALL'S CORNER.

11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT — Close Down.

1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY — Schumann. Birthday Concert (15th Anniversary).

2.45 approx INTERLUDE.

3.00 FOR THE LADIES — Presented by Mary Collins.

4.00 ONE HUNDRED VIOLINS.

4.30 WEATHER REPORT.

5.00 CHILDREN'S CORNER.

5.30 TANGO TIME.

5.15 MEYER DAVIS PLAYS FOR DANCERS.

5.30 CLASSICAL CONCERT — Darius Milhaud's Saudades Do Brasil.

6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.

6.10 approx CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE.

6.30 ALL STRINGS AND FANCY FREE.

6.45 THE NEW ONES.

7.00 NEWS HEADLINES, PIANO RECITAL — By Sviatoslav Richter.

7.15 EPISODE 91 — Superman.

7.30 THE FAR EAST MOTORS SHOW — Introduced by John Wallace.

8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

8.30 THE NATIONAL HALF HOUR.

9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, LUCIO MILENA AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

9.15 RADIO REPORT.

9.30 LA RONDE CONTINENTALE — With Lydia St Clair.

10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 RALPH MARTERIE WITH STRINGS.

10.30 CONCERT — By Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic.

11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

11.15 OPERA HIGHLIGHTS — Lucia di Lammermoor Act 1 by Donizetti with Lily Pons and Richard Tucker.

12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT — Close Down.

1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.

2.

'MAINLY FOR MEN' IN PURSUIT OF THE DESIRABLE

# How to win your woman . . . A GUIDE TO LATER TECHNIQUES THAN THIS

BY ANGUS MCGILL

**FRANKLY I have always regretted the passing of the days when you got your woman by just hitting one on the head.**

I like the simplicity, the down-to-earth honesty of the approach. I like its economy too. It cost you absolutely nothing.

But today women tend to be bigger. They would just hit you back. Now they must be coaxed and subtly flattered, wooed, plied with gifts, and continually entertained. Above all, they must be impressed. Very time-taking and expensive. This all is.

The hardest part of it all is the impressing. The more beautiful the woman the harder it becomes.

The really ravishing ones are so tamed by attention that nothing short of an invasion from outer space specially arranged, would do it, which accounts for the bored look worn by all the best model girls.

The prizes are so great, though, that the effort must be made and I have called in some experts to help us all. At times like these we must stick together . . .

**Impress her**

It is early, then, in your pursuit of this glorious girl, a critical period. It is essential that she be impressed.

**The much marvel at your charm, your wit, your knowledge of the world, your firm handling of matters, your skill at instantly producing a taxi. All this I must leave to you.**

She must also feel that here, at last, is a man who knows his way around. Here I can help you.

**The Money's-No-Object Love-Laugh-at-Problems approach.**

(Also known as the Herbert de Laut Gambit.)

"Whisk her off to Paris for the Opera," says theatrical manager de Leon. Or fly to Nice and have a car waiting at the airport to take you both in leisurely stages down the coast.

You can leave London in the morning and in the afternoon you can both be swimming in the Mediterranean . . .

There are drawbacks to this, of course. In the first place you need a pocketful of money.

The return fare by air to Nice for two is £113. It is also apt to make her suspect your intentions earlier than may be advisable. But it cannot fail to impress.

**Only-the-best**

**The Classic or Only-The-Best-Is-Good-Enough-For-You approach.** (As recommended by Lord Ulric Brown.)

"First the Caprice. Then the Stock Room," he says. "Or perhaps Leam Ambassadeur and then the Angel."

This is always an impressive kind of evening. It is, also, also expensive. With taxis, tips and flowers it will cost you most of £25. Correct dress? Dinner jacket or lounge suit.

**The Sophisticated Bohemian approach.** (Highly recommended by David Harvey Evers.)

Harvey Evers, a member of Lloyd's was a seasoned man-about-town in his single days and is a tactician I admire.

"Begin by taking her for a drink to the Anchor, that delightful old pub in Southwark with its magnificent view of St Paul's and the river," he says.

"Then move on to the On-The-Roof in King's-road, Chelsea, for a quiet night. Then to a Soho club for dancing and I would end up in one of Chelmsford's parties. He is an American painter who lives at Cromwell-road, and his exotic parties are the best I know."

Correct dress: lounge suit. The cost of the Harvey Evers plan: about £5.

**The Good-Plain-Food-Cha-Cha Cha method,** as successfully used by the former world champion wrestler (Cumberland style), Joe Robinson.

After a day of judo Robinson likes a hearty meal and some vigorous dancing. His girls have to be fit.

"Begin with a good steak at Lyons' Corner House," he says, "or perhaps take her to Soho for dancing. And I had a good way of finishing an evening is to drive to London Airport for a late night coffee."

Correct dress: casual clothes. Cost of the evening: About £3.

**For nothing**

**The Rest-Things-In-Life-Free method,** advocated by Mr Frankie Norman.

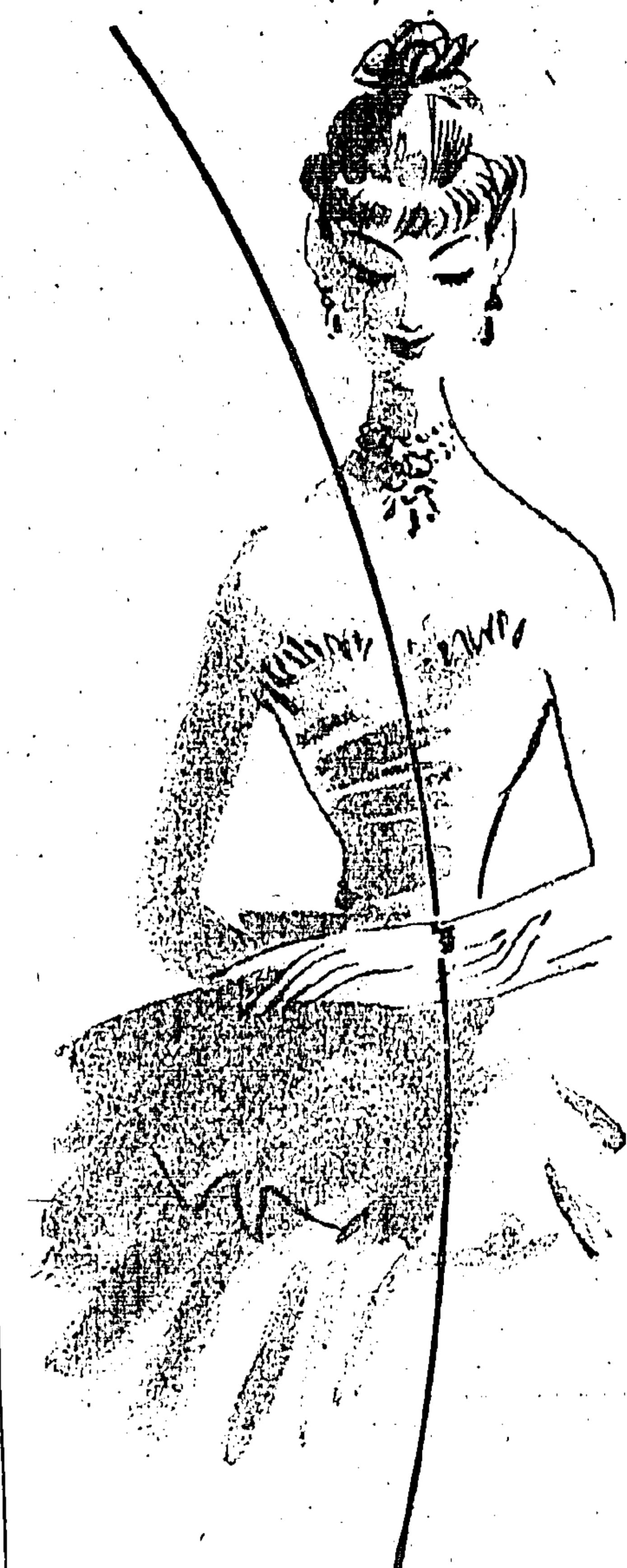
"First I'd take her to see my show, Flings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be, because I get in for nothing," he says. "Then I'd take her for supper to the pie and chip shop in Hoxton High-street."

The cost? "About 17s 4d," says Norman. Correct dress? "Full evening dress," he says, "and silver-tipped cane."

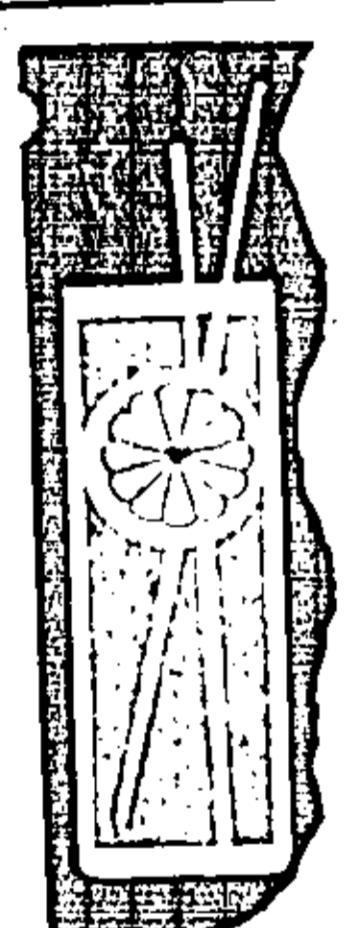


PICTURE BY JOHN COLE

He is wearing a lightweight Terrylene and linen dinner-jacket with a shawl collar (£12 10s.), an evening shirt with pleated pique front (59s. 6d.), a maroon cummerbund (29s. 6d.) and a bow to match (10s.). All from Horne Brothers. She is dressed by Polly Peck.



# My week on six prunes and 15 glasses of water

**Surrey.**

THIS is the story of a starving man. For five days, at this nature cure resort near Godalming, Surrey, I have lived almost exclusively on warm water. And even that is rationed.

They give you three glasses of warm water a day. Each glass has two slices of lemon floating in it, so you can, if you are a mystic, pretend you are drinking a flat gin and tonic.

Starvation, politely known as "fasting" in these carbo-dicing and yoghurt-tipping circles, is the first principle of nature cure.

Also they plunge you in and out of hot and cold baths (hydrotherapy), knock your bones (osteopathy), massage you, and rub you all over with rock salt.

It costs 22 guineas a week and my punishment began one Monday morning. The white-coated nature doctor said: "I hope you like water."

I gave him a terrible smile. I had not touched undiluted water for 10 years. "Smoke much?" he asked. "Thirty plus."

"Alcohol?"

"Sort of steady-heavy. You know, like one of the boys."

**About time**

The man in the white coat, an osteopath named Stanley Lord, clucked his tongue and said: "Hello, it's about time that you visited us."

He wrote it all down: Age 36, height 5ft. 9½in., weight 12st. 7½lb.

It reminded me of another time, about a year ago, when I flirted dangerously with the idea of getting fit.

The girl at the Vic Tannay gymnasium, on Lexington Avenue, New York, looked me over in my shorts and said: "You've a good frame, Pete. But you've let it go a bit, huh? I never joined that gymnasium."

by  
PETER  
CHAMBERS



What am I doing here? Why did Tony Hancock book in for a week and leave after only three days?

Read on in the Thin Man's Diary.

**TUESDAY:** The lay-out of this place, a red brick mansion built by Mr. Conduit spinning heiress in 1931, like a class country hotel. From my window at 6.30 this morning I looked out on the sprawling lawn, the rhododendrons, and beyond, an uninterrupted view of Surrey woodlands. Don't think I like getting up at 6.30 in the morning.

It's the chirping. The way these birds go on in the country is something insane.

Went down to the Treatment Room, for my massage and salt-suds. It's funny, you know the fact, but when you see the chap naked for the first time, you don't recognise him.

After five seconds it clicked. "Hello, Nigel Patrick," I said. Patrick leered himself unconvincingly out of a cold-water after-bath, dashed for the hot shower, and dashed through the spray.

"I've just finished in a play in London and I need to relax,"

he said. "This is about my seventh visit. I try to spend two weeks here every year, and you have no idea how marvellous you feel when you come out. Bouncy, clear-eyed, fresh-skinned, all that sort of thing. Stick it out and ya'll see."

Nigel Patrick is on Vichy water—and nothing at all to eat—for his first 10 days.

Meanwhile I am on the massing table, reflecting that all this water-bloated misery needs out going to the beach.

There were four of us sunbathing and this girl I fancy suddenly said: "You are fat."

"Why?" I protested. "You always used to say cuddly."

She replied firmly: "No, you're fat."

Heavens, the things one does for women. I thought, as George, the masseuse, gouged away at my spine as though he were trying to make it come out the other side.

Went down to the Treatment Room, for my massage and salt-suds. It's funny, you know the fact, but when you see the chap naked for the first time, you don't recognise him.

After five seconds it clicked.

"Hello, Nigel Patrick," I said.

Patrick leered himself unconvincingly out of a cold-water after-bath, dashed for the hot shower, and dashed through the spray.

There it was in all its odorous glory. A huge raft of toast.

WEDNESDAY: I dreamed of a Welsh rabbit last night.

"I've just finished in a play in London and I need to relax,"

he said.

He was an unruly patient. He fidgeted in the electric blanket "bath" (for 45 minutes you are wrapped in an electric blanket ollskin to make you sweat).

(London Express Service).

A thick, gooey sludge of melted cheese, inches deep. I was just smothering the whole thing in mustard when I woke up. It was the maid bringing my glass of warm water.

Sat on the terrace with Bernard Sunley, the property tycoon who built London Airport. "I'm on yoghurt and fruit," he said. "What about you?"

He lit a cigar not more than 10s. long. He has a direct phone line to his bedroom, so that he can talk business.

"Water," I said.

Then his lunch arrived, and I had to leave.

Symptoms of starvation: sleepiness, light-headedness, and inability to concentrate.

My colleague, Percy Hopkins, chief crime reporter of the Daily Express, has been wandering around for a week with William L. Shirer's 1,200-page book, "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." He is up to page 316.

"I'll never make it," admits Percy. He used to be 17½ stone. After several visits here he is down to 14½ stone.

"I'm a middle-of-the-way nature man," he said. "I make no exaggerated claims for the system. But sun, water, exercise, natural food — without these things nobody can be healthy.

Above all, if you want to live right, you've got to eat right."

I said I had not eaten at all.

For days.

"Ah, we put nearly everybody on the water diet at first because they need decarbonising, like cars," he said.

**Bliss**

THURSDAY: Promotion! For lunch today I was given "Potassium Soup." This contains potassium and other salts obtained from simmering lettuce, cabbage, onions, and other vegetable leaves for two hours, and straining off the juice. It's thinner than beef tea, but I guzzled it like a character in a refugee film.

If only you had stuck it out until the fourth day, Tony Hancock! You would have learned the bliss of Potassium Soup.

Now back to the rat race.

I said. "First thing I think I'll pack is some cholesterol for

"I told you you would feel good," said Nigel Patrick, slugging down his Vichy water.

"Now back to the rat race," I said.

He was an unruly patient. He fidgeted in the electric blanket "bath" (for 45

minutes you are wrapped in an electric blanket ollskin to make you sweat).

(London Express Service).

**Down I go**

Sprightly of step, I walked six miles today, and the only solid food I have eaten this week is six prunes. That's nothing. A group of Scandinavians hiked 500 miles on a pure water diet.

"I told you you would feel good," said Nigel Patrick.

"Now back to the rat race," I said.

He was an unruly patient. He fidgeted in the electric blanket "bath" (for 45

minutes you are wrapped in an electric blanket ollskin to make you sweat).

"Now back to the rat race," I said.

He was an unruly patient. He fidgeted in the electric blanket "bath" (for 45

minutes you are wrapped in an electric blanket ollskin to make you sweat).

(London Express Service).

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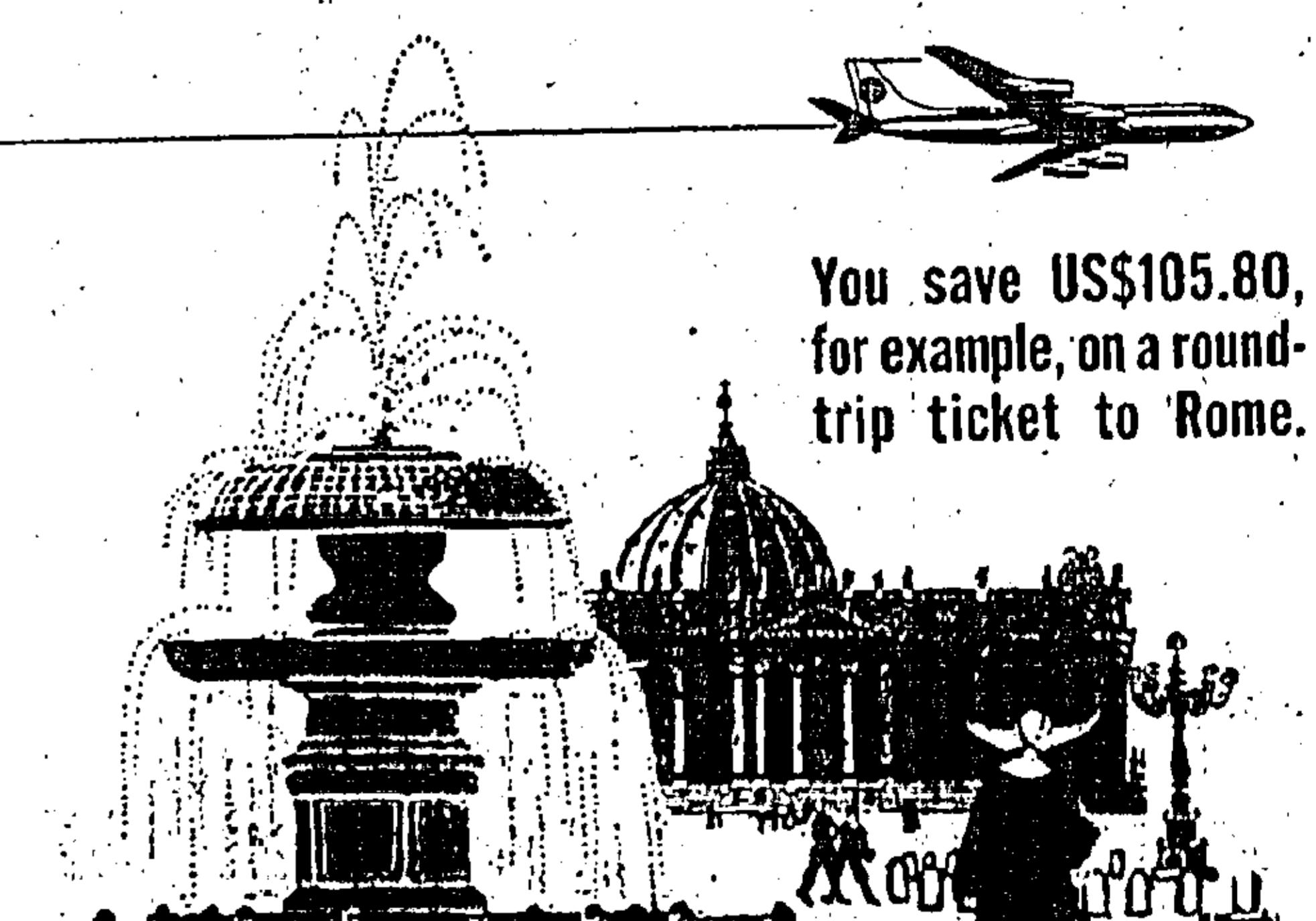
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## VOYAGE OF NO RETURN

PART FOUR

## SURRENDER!

—as the Germans gloated over it

A white flag flies from the submarine Seal. Her captain climbs on to the float of a German seaplane... and into captivity. Prints of this painting by the German artist Theo Matzko were hung in dozens of Luftwaffe messes. It showed one of Germany's great triumphs early in the war. But there was so much it left untold. Now, at last, the full story can be told.



SLOWLY, painfully, Lieut.-Commander Rupert Lonsdale dragged himself up the conning-tower ladder in the submarine Seal. She had just struggled to the surface after being trapped in the mud of the Kattegat for nearly 24 hours. And the air in her was so depleted of oxygen that to take a couple of steps produced the panting exhaustion that might normally result from a 100-yard sprint.

While Seal had lain on the sea bed with her stern filled with water, those who had done most had suffered most.

And Lonsdale, above all others had relentlessly drummed his failing strength to cope with disaster and disappointment. Outwardly, at least, this quiet man had been impervious to the stresses that had crippled most of his crew.

## WAITING...

Now, in this last hour before dawn, he faced a new crisis, a new challenge to the unknown.

What awaited Seal in the world with which she had so painfully arrived contact?

Were the German ships and planes still searching for Seal? Were they already racing in for the kill?

BY CPO FUTER AND JAMES BENSON

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by RICKY MATHEWS

ON THE KEYS OUTSHADING AMMO AND AMMO PERSONALITY!

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NEVER SAY NEVER

## CONFUSED

Signalman Waddington and the lookouts began to follow their captain up to the bridge. They had to push their way through groups of men standing beneath the conning-tower hatch. These were now beginning to revive slightly, and were embracing one another like members of a football team after a goal has been scored.

As the lookouts reached the bridge they could see that it was already starting to get light. Lonsdale seemed the same rocklike figure he had been for the endless hours they had spent on the sea bed. Quickly he showed them what could be seen: the dim lights of a coastline that could possibly mean safety and perhaps even lead to home.

The next man up on the bridge was Sub-Lieutenant Henderson with the first of the three bugs of confidential books,

heavily weighted with bags which, on the captain's orders, he was to throw into the sea. Each bag was weighted with spanners and pieces of heavy piping from the engine-room.

The three trips up and down the conning-tower ladder seemed to take him an age. By the time the third bag was over the side he felt completely exhausted.

He remained leaning against the bridge rail for a few moments trying to regain some energy, and it was only then that he realised what an idiot he had been.

He had seen all the bags heavily weighted in the control-room and then carried them laboriously up the long steel ladder instead of carrying the bags themselves quite heavy—and weights separately.

His was just one of many examples of a normally keen brain refusing to function properly as a result of the extreme conditions that had existed in Seal.

As the lookouts re-entered the bridge they could see that it was already starting to get light. Lonsdale seemed the same rocklike figure he had been for the endless hours they had spent on the sea bed. Quickly he showed them what could be seen: the dim lights of a coastline that could possibly mean safety and perhaps even lead to home.

The next man up on the bridge was Sub-Lieutenant Henderson with the first of the three bugs of confidential books,

## THE SIGNAL

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER TELEGRAPHIST FUTER climbed down from the control-room to the bridge to send a signal from the captain to the Admiralty. One man who watched him to know that what he was about to do would be likely to disclose his position to the enemy—if it was not already known.

For a few moments, Futer listened to the outside world,

fixing the direction of echoes, was the one vital piece of equipment which at that time, the Navy possessed and the Germans did not. It was the Navy's most closely guarded secret. For it to fall into German hands would have been a disaster far greater than the loss of any one submarine.

MOST IMMEDIATE CONFIDENTIAL SEAL TO VICE-ADMIRAL SUB-MARINES.

SUBMARINE FILLED WITH WATER FROM STERN TO 129 BULKHEAD, CAUSED BY MINE OR DEPTH CHARGE.

F7 LAID IN POSITION, SECRET BOOKS DESTROYED.

ED. AM MAKING FOR SWEDISH COAST. WILL TRY FOR GOTENBURG.

AS HE FINISHED THE LAST GROUP HE LOOKED UP AT THE CLOCK AND ADDED HIS TIME ON ORIGIN, 0230 BST. HIS MESSAGE WAS UNKNOWN, BUT HE CONTINUED TO LISTEN AND HEARD WHITEHORN CALLING THE SHORE STATION TO REPEAT A COUPLE OF THE GROUPS.

THESE HE HEARD CORRECTLY REPEATED AND HE WAS THEN ABLE TO SEND WORD UP TO LONSDALE ON THE BRIDGE THAT SEAL'S FINAL MESSAGE WOULD BE WITH ADMIRAL SUBMARINES IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. HE SWITCHED OFF HIS MACHINERY AND FORMALLY CEASED W/T WATCH.

TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

SEAL WAS ALREADY SUFFERING FROM ONE CRIPPLING HINDRANCE.

SEAL WAS UNABLE TO DIVE BECAUSE, DURING HER EFFORTS TO FREE HERSELF FROM THE SEA BED, SHE HAD

rid herself of her heavy drop keel. Now came this new calamity: she was incapable of being steered.

There remained the possibility of achieving some sort of directional control by varying the use of the port and starboard engines.

But this method of steering proved quite inadequate to swing her round. So a suggestion by C.P.O. Higgins—it was a half-joke—that they sail stern first was tried. For a time it worked. Seal began to make progress towards the Swedish coast. Hopes began to rise.

But now the lubricating system was giving trouble. The oil pumps could not maintain the needed pressure. The starboard engine was seized up completely.

Seal's predicament was a sad one. She was lying wallowing on the ocean, with little effect in the use of periscope, and with no way of steering either ahead or astern now, of seeing that she could turn only one propeller.

She was moving round in long, slow circles, unable to dive and completely at the mercy of any enemy that might appear.

There was no possibility at all of any kind of a British ship coming to her help in these waters.

Optimism that had been slowly rising was now dashed. There was no hope that could reasonably remain. There was nothing.

Lonsdale looked at his wrist-watch. It was almost 0230. The sky had become distinctly bright. It was then the starboard lookout called out: "Aircraft in sight, starboard side."

The sound of an aircraft engine and the outline of a light reconnaissance seaplane struck ear and eye simultaneously.

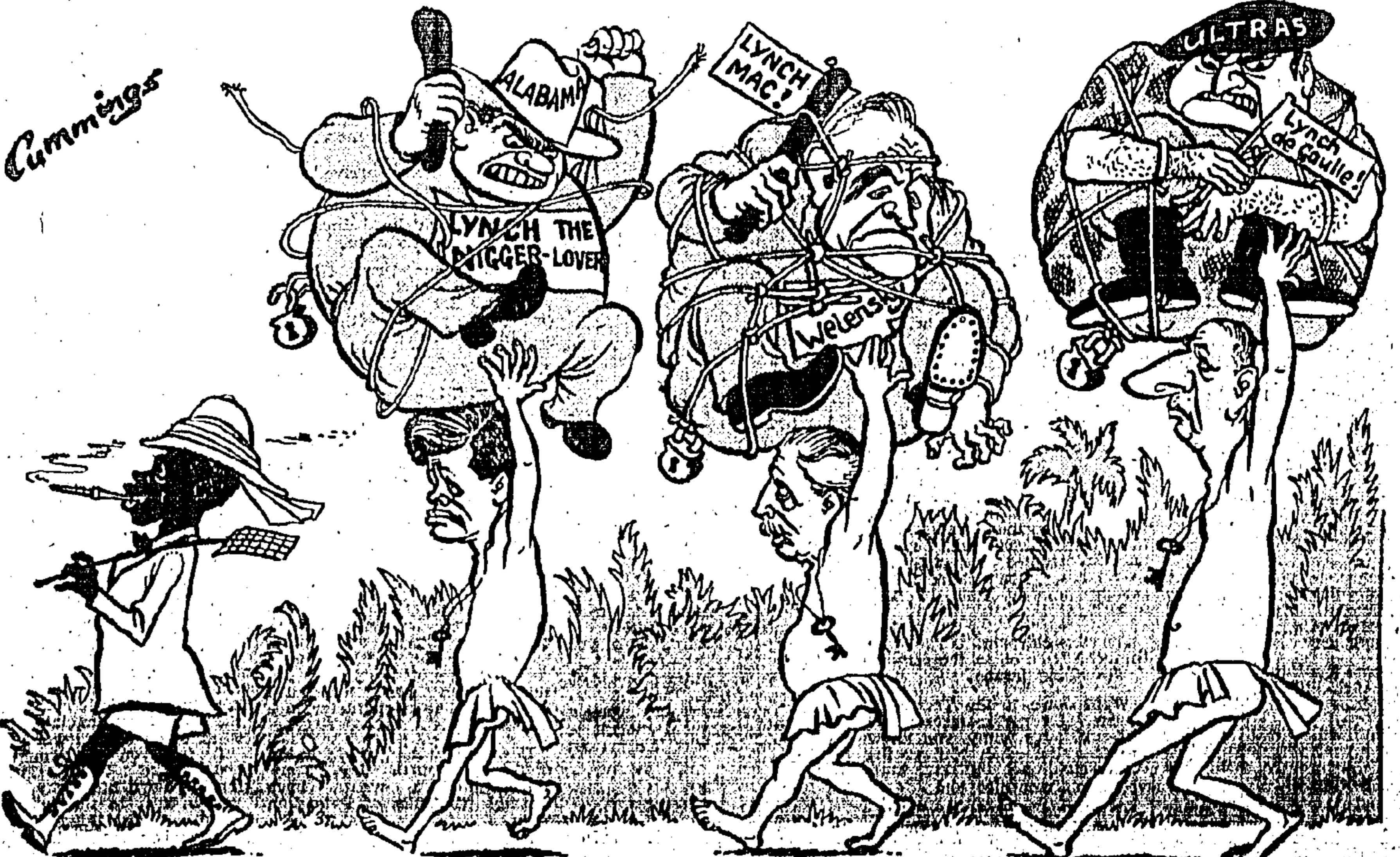
The reptile was over.

## HELPLESS

LONSDALE CALLED DOWN TO THE CONTROL-ROOM THE HELM ORDERS TO BRING SEAL'S HEAD ROUND THROUGH 180 DEGREES, FOR SHE WAS POINTING DIRECTLY AWAY FROM THE SWEDISH COAST. TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

IT THEN BECAME CLEAR THAT THE STEERING MECHANISM WAS USELESS. PRESUMABLY THE RUDDER HAD BEEN DAMAGED BY THE MINE WHICH HAD BLOWN A HOLE IN THE STERN.

SEAL WAS ALREADY SUFFERING FROM ONE CRIPPLING HINDRANCE. SHE WAS UNABLE TO DIVE BECAUSE, DURING HER EFFORTS TO FREE HERSELF FROM THE SEA BED, SHE HAD



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN—1961 VERSION

London Express Service

# The most bitter moment of all: 'Fly a white flag'

(Continued from Page 6)

His pilot turned and banked the machine. Quickly the shadow began to take on some substance. And as they approached it they could see that it was a submarine.

Most of the stern was below water.

The Arado circled and headed straight at the dark, grey shape lying on the surface of the flat, calm sea.

"I'll open fire as soon as you're ready," he called to his pilot. Within seconds the machine-gun bullets were rippling a neat line along the side of the conning-tower and continuing along the hull down as far as the water-line. Mehrens felt elated.

He turned again, and as he did so he could see a light flashing from the bridge of the submarine. The message was obviously in some sort of code, for neither he nor his pilot could make out what it meant.

Suddenly the thought struck him that it was just possible that he was dealing with a Swedish submarine.

"I'll ask them 'What ship?'" he shouted. The International Code signal clattered out on the plane's signal-jams. No discernible reply was forthcoming and the Arado, changed to the internationally accepted letter "K," stopped immediately.

Then suddenly Mehrens found that he could pick out the submarine's identity. She was British.

The Arado quickly climbed to 3,000ft., and then began a hawk-like dive.

At 1,500ft. the first of the Arado's two bombs was released. It hit the water 30 yards from the submarine in a great cloud of spray.

## STILL FIRING

By this time the bridge of the vessel had been largely cleared of the small crowd that had been standing there at the time of the first attack. But as the plane pulled away to begin another tight circle, Mehrens was aware of a stream of bullets reaching out at him from the pair of machine-guns at the after end of the conning-tower. So there was coming to be a fight for it!

The Arado gained height again and began its second bombing run. A second time the bomb missed, but Mehrens' aim had improved and the explosion must have been close enough to give the submarine a very severe shaking.

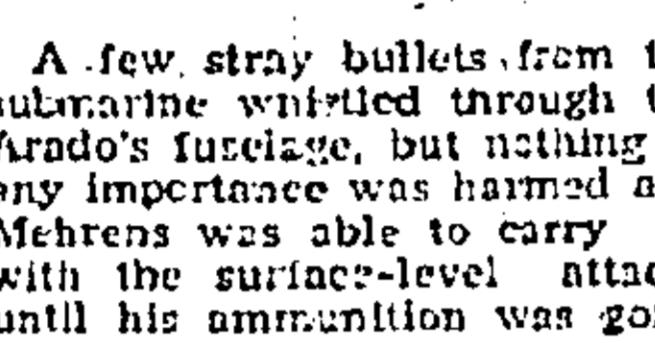
Once again the pilot's cannon-shells and Mehrens' machine-gun bullets were rattling along the steel plates at the base of the conning-tower and into the vital pressure-hull of the submarine.

With his two bombs gone, Mehrens desisted from the attack long enough to despatch his "Submarine Alarm" signal by radio.

The submarine's machine-guns were still firing. Changing tactics, Mehrens ordered a series of low-level runs.



REUNION: Lieutenant R. H. Clark (left), Seal's engineer officer, with Lieutenant Commander Lonsdale after the war.



A BOMB

He was preparing to circle his target until someone else appeared, when he saw a bomb hit the water some forty or fifty yards from the submarine.

Its companion Arado had arrived.

Mehrens now cast his eyes around the horizon and saw in the middle distance a naval escort vessel. Waving his wings in a gesture of encouragement to his fellow he headed away south to act as a guide to the southward trawler.

Lieutenant Karl Schmidt, the observer of the second Arado, put the fourth bomb nearer to the submarine than any of its predecessors.

He pressed home his cannon and machine-gun attack, giving his target practically no respite on the turns.

By now, the counter-attack from the small, portable machine-guns was noticeably diminishing.

And the criss-crossing lines of holes leading below the surface of the water were having their effect, too. For the submarine was developing a marked list and was rocking tiredly and clumsy on the surface, for all the world like a mortally-wounded whale.

Schmidt's Arado turned after his sixth or seventh run. They had been closer to the conning-tower than on any previous attack.

## CASUALTIES

There were still two or three men moving about between the periscopes and the side of the bridge, but on neither of the last two attacks had their nearness drawn even the slightest retaliation.

What on earth had happened to the submarine that it couldn't dive, he wondered.

It was only a question of time, he knew, before a surface

vessel would arrive to blow the motionless underwater craft back below the waves where it belonged.

The signals seen by the crew of the first Arado were nothing more than a pathetic, hopeless ruse by Lonsdale.

"Quick, Waddington," he had ordered. "Flash something at them. Anything."

He was preparing to circle his target until someone else appeared, when he saw a bomb hit the water some forty or fifty yards from the submarine.

Its companion Arado had arrived.

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By now, the counter-attack from the small, portable machine-guns was noticeably diminishing.

Much later in the day, when a roll-call was taken, he was missing. In the excitement his absence had not been noticed.

Schmidt had joined Seal the very day she had sailed on this mission—a "planned jump." He had made himself popular in the short time he had been in the crew.

## JAMMED

Lonsdale himself led the counter-attack with the Lewis gun.

He grabbed one of them and saw Leading Seaman "County" Mays the other. Signalman Waddington stayed up on the bridge, to pass the new pens of ammunition.

It was not long before one of the Lewis guns jammed and Mays had to dive below to try to locate the fault. This left Lonsdale with Seal's only remaining anti-aircraft weapon.

Once, he dashed from Lewis gun to voice-pipe, and Able Seaman Hitchcock leaped out of the conning-tower to keep the Lewis gun firing. In a flash Lonsdale was beside him, taking the gun out of his hands and ordering him back down below again.

Where Lonsdale's physical energy and mental determination came from this around him could not conceive.

But the German attack grew still more accurate.

One of the lines of cannon-shells perforated a main ballast tank. Soon another stream of shells bit their way into another tank a little further along.

Seal, with her buoyancy already far below normal, now developed a pronounced list to port. As the attacks continued and improved still further in accuracy, the list increased. Then it became clear that Seal was not only listing. She was gradually sinking.

Nor was this all. The remaining diesel engine now sputtered up. Seal was left without motive power, without the ability to dive, and with marginal and rapidly diminishing buoyancy.

## SO TIRED...

It was around this time that a third aircraft arrived. The newcomer, an He 111, contributed the first of its bombs and an initial burst of very accurate cannon-fire to add to Seal's distress.

Suddenly Lonsdale felt very tired. For 24 hours he had been exposed to the insidious effect of carbon-dioxide poisoning, which erodes a man's mental powers and blurs his judgment. Through it all he had grappled with crisis after crisis.

It was at this point, too, that the second Lewis gun jammed. And within seconds it was clear that, like the first, it was now stopped for good.

Seal was a dead and useless vessel.

What choice faced Lonsdale?

He could continue to defy the enemy. But it would be a passive defiance only, and it would be bound to end with Seal being sunk by a bomb or by gunfire. And it would mean killing the 60 men who were in his charge. Which led him to the second possibility. He could save the lives of his gallant crew, but only at the cost of surrendering in battle.

On one hand, there were the proud traditions of the Royal Navy; on the other the lives of 60 men.

All his love of humanity, all his Christian beliefs, told Lonsdale to choose the latter.

All his years of training—of preparation, perhaps, for just this moment—in the Service which meant much more to him certainly than his own unimportant life told him to choose the former.

## SACRIFICE

If he had had a single bullet at his disposal, he could have taken the easy decision and continued to fight in the knowledge that the sacrifice of his crew might yet inflict some injury on the enemy.

But in this hopeless situation how could he find justification for throwing away his men's lives? Much better to sacrifice his honour.

A pity, though, that it had to be not merely his own, personal, unimportant honour but also the honour of the Royal Navy.

Another line of cannon shells picked out a neat pattern along the pressure-hull. Lonsdale shook himself back to the actuality of Seal's position. He had to decide... now.

Lonsdale cleared his throat. But before he could speak, a voice came up from the tightly packed group of officers, petty officers, and ratings in the conning-tower. "Well have to surrender sir," it said. "Nothing for you to worry about sir. You've done all you could."

There was a pause. Neither Lonsdale nor the anonymous voice spoke. Then another voice.

"There was another pause. Then Lonsdale took his decision. "Have the wardroom tablecloth passed up to me, please," he ordered.

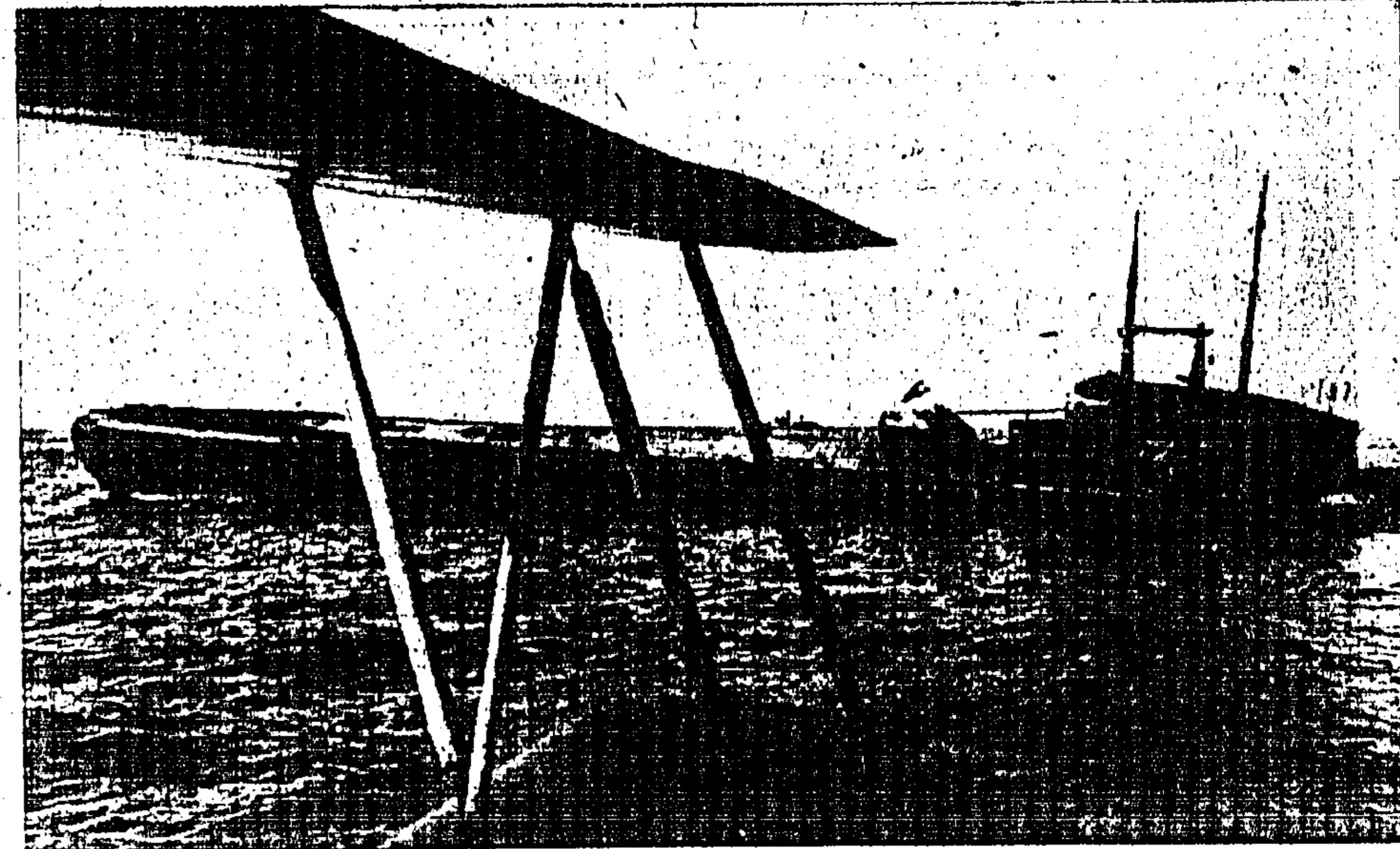
## ELATION

The Arado of Lieutenant Karl Schmidt had just finished a tight turn, and was getting into line for another run over the wavering submarine.

Suddenly Schmidt and his pilot saw a large white cloth stream out from the breeze from the vessel's conning-tower. The two men could hardly believe their eyes. Was the submarine really going to surrender?

Could they land alongside the submarine and capture it? Every naval airmen in the First World War had dreamed of capturing a submarine, but none had succeeded. Was the first success now going to come to him, Karl Schmidt?

This series has been adapted from the book *Will Not We Fear*, to be published by Bantam.



For one German airman the finest moment of the war; for from his seaplane, rocking gently on the surface of the Kattegat, he photographs the British submarine which he has helped to capture

At the back of his mind he knew close as he could. In a matter of moments they were safely called: "Where is the Captain?" He shivered slightly at the thought, as the smell of the sea entered his nostrils. He made his way to the edge of the cabin. "Jump into the water. Swim and come on board... quickly," he shouted.

The order caused more than a little consternation in Seal. The thought of losing Lonsdale, after all he had brought them through, seemed—scarcely—endurable.

There were no options available: he should not go and there were no decent immediate alternatives to go in his place.

But Lonsdale shook his head. His mind was working slowly, he knew. But if to swim over to the seaplane was a difficult and hazardous thing to do—then it was his duty as Seal's captain to take on the job.

Periscope, navigational fittings, communication gear and much else became the subject of a mass outburst of force that was almost pathological.

In no time at all the interior of the submarine was scarcely recognisable.

Schmidt's pilot motored the Arado slowly nearer the submarine, he could see quite clearly the group of men who were filling the top of the bridge-structure.

Training his machine-gun on off his shoes, and calmly he leaned forward and climbed over the conning-tower.

Not unreasonably, Schmidt refused to accept the proposition, and gave orders for the Arado to prepare to take off. "What will happen to my men now?" Lonsdale asked Schmidt.

"German men-of-war will fetch them," the airman replied. "I will send another wireless message as soon as we are started."

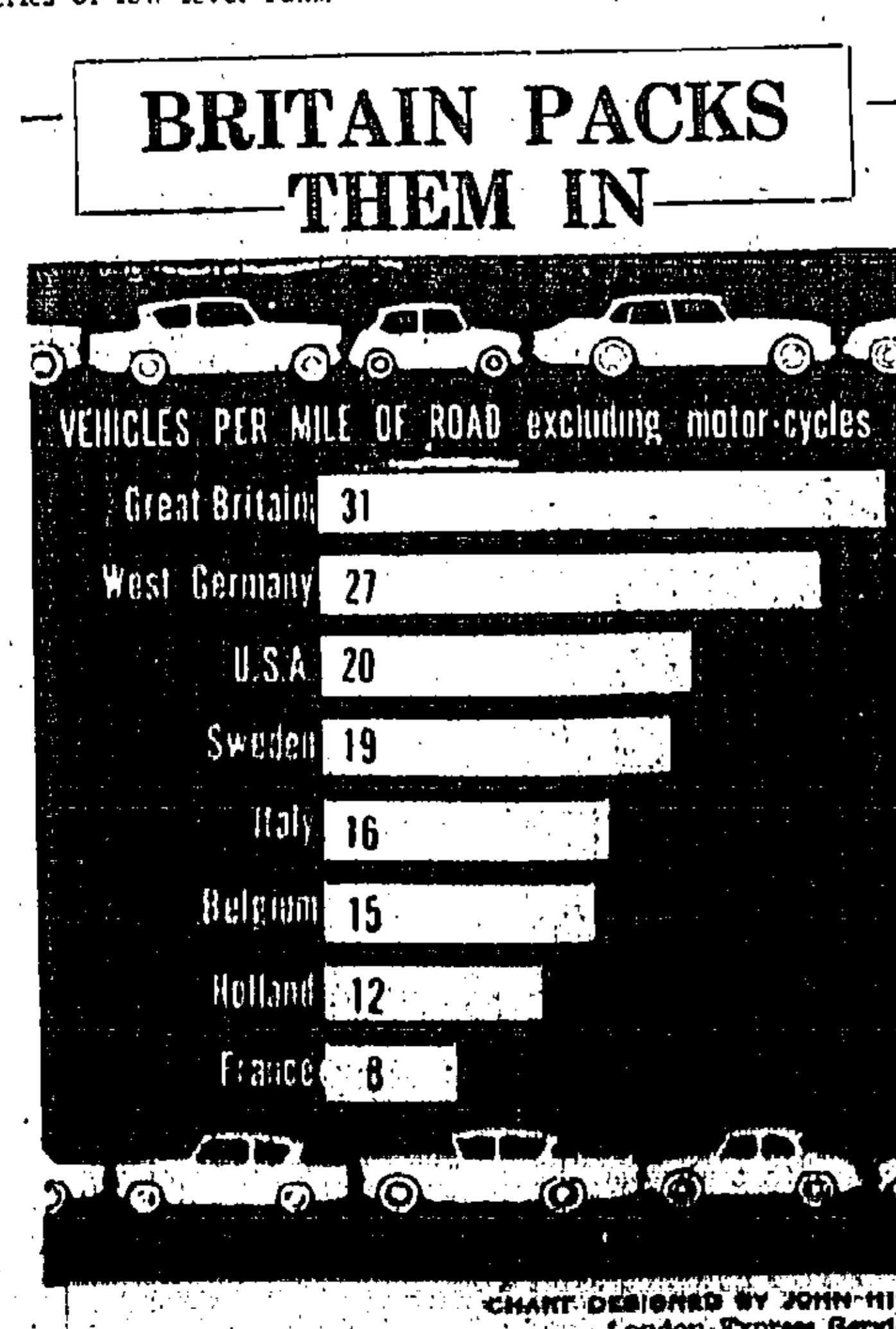
He pulled off his leather gloves and gave them to Lonsdale to cover his blue-cold hands, signed to his pilot afresh, and leaned back happily as the seaplane gathered speed across the surface of the water.

The group of men on Seal's bridge watched edily as the small aircraft became airborne, gained a little height, banked over the floundering submarine, and then headed off quickly towards Denmark. Within two or three minutes it had disappeared.

**COPYRIGHT: 1961 C. E. T. Warren and James Benson**

**NEXT WEEK: Escape from prison camp**

(London Express Service).



## TARGET

How many words can you make out of the letters in the square? The words in the words may be used once only. Each word must contain at least five letters and must be at least five letters long. No plurals, no verb forms, no adjectives, no nouns, no TOTALLY EXHAUSTED! or words of less than five letters, or words of more than ten letters.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION:  
After yesterday's additional clue, the answer is: "I am a man who has been born twice, first when I was born, and then when I have lived for some time." EDWARD KELLER & CO., LTD.

## ELATION

The Arado of Lieutenant Karl Schmidt had just finished a tight turn, and was getting into line for another run over the wavering submarine.

Suddenly Schmidt and his pilot saw a large white cloth stream out from the breeze from the vessel's conning-tower. The two men could hardly believe their eyes. Was the submarine really going to surrender?

Could they land alongside the submarine and capture it? Every naval airmen in the First World War had dreamed of capturing a submarine, but none had succeeded. Was the first success now going to come to him, Karl Schmidt?

## Low flame to high—at a touch of the wheel!

With the Ronson Varoflame, you choose the flame height you want—and set it at a touch of the Varoflame wheel. Exclusive to Ronson, Varoflame—Instant Flame adjustment gives you the right flame height for every occasion.

Ronson Varoflame Butane Multi-Fill fuels the Ronson Varoflame in 5 seconds—lasts about a year in normal use.

THE INTERNATIONAL STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Sole Agents: EDWARD KELLER & CO., LTD.



LEFT: Mr A. E. Arnold, former secretary of the Hongkong Jockey Club, seen with his family shortly before they left Queen's Pier bound for retirement in Britain.



RIGHT: Agnes Wong, a successful actress at California's Pasadena Playhouse, is returning to Hongkong to take a leading role in a local film production, "Fortitude of Life," to be produced by the newly-formed Tung Man Company.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Bryan William Newbury Harris after their wedding at St Andrew's Church. The bride is the former Miss Joyce May Waygang.



ABOVE: Mr Herbert F. Milley (left) and Mr Lloyd Wilson (centre), executives of Pan American World Airways, seen with PAA District Manager, Far East, Mr J. D. O'Donnell, when they arrived at Kai Tak recently.



ABOVE: Mr Basil Bampfylde, BOAC General Manager, Eastern Routes, arrived last week for talks with Cathay Pacific and Malayan Airways. Seen (l-r) are Mr A. D. Bennett, Mr Bampfylde, Mr M. D. Llewellyn, Mr R. A. Doust and Mr C. J. B. Thory.



ABOVE: Mr Joseph Joo (left), a San Francisco lawyer, left last week by BOAC jetliner for the U.S. after a business visit. Also on board was Mr Lincoln Yau, local businessman, who left for New York. At Kai Tak to see them off was Mr Lawrence Loo, BOAC sales representative.



ABOVE: These twin girl orphans, Ho Yau-ho and Ho Yau-mui, say goodbye to Mr Chan Yat (Po Leung Kuk Director) and Mrs P. E. Van Collicq, before flying off to their new home in America this week.



ABOVE: Mr R. L. Hands (right) and Mr S. Loverton (left) who arrived last week. They were met by Mr G. R. B. Patterson.



ABOVE: Pictured at the farewell function for Mr A. W. Black held at the Hongkong Club recently were (l-r) Mr L. T. Williams, Mr Black and Mr J. H. S. Duncan.

# OMEGA

There is a wonderful selection of Jewelled Watches for Ladies

Ranging from HK\$1000.

The Watch the World has Learned to Trust. Some day you too will own one.

**FOR YOUR PROTECTION**

Buy only from an Authorized Retailer.

A List of Authorized Omega and Tudor Retailers is available at the offices of the

**OMEGA TUDOR**

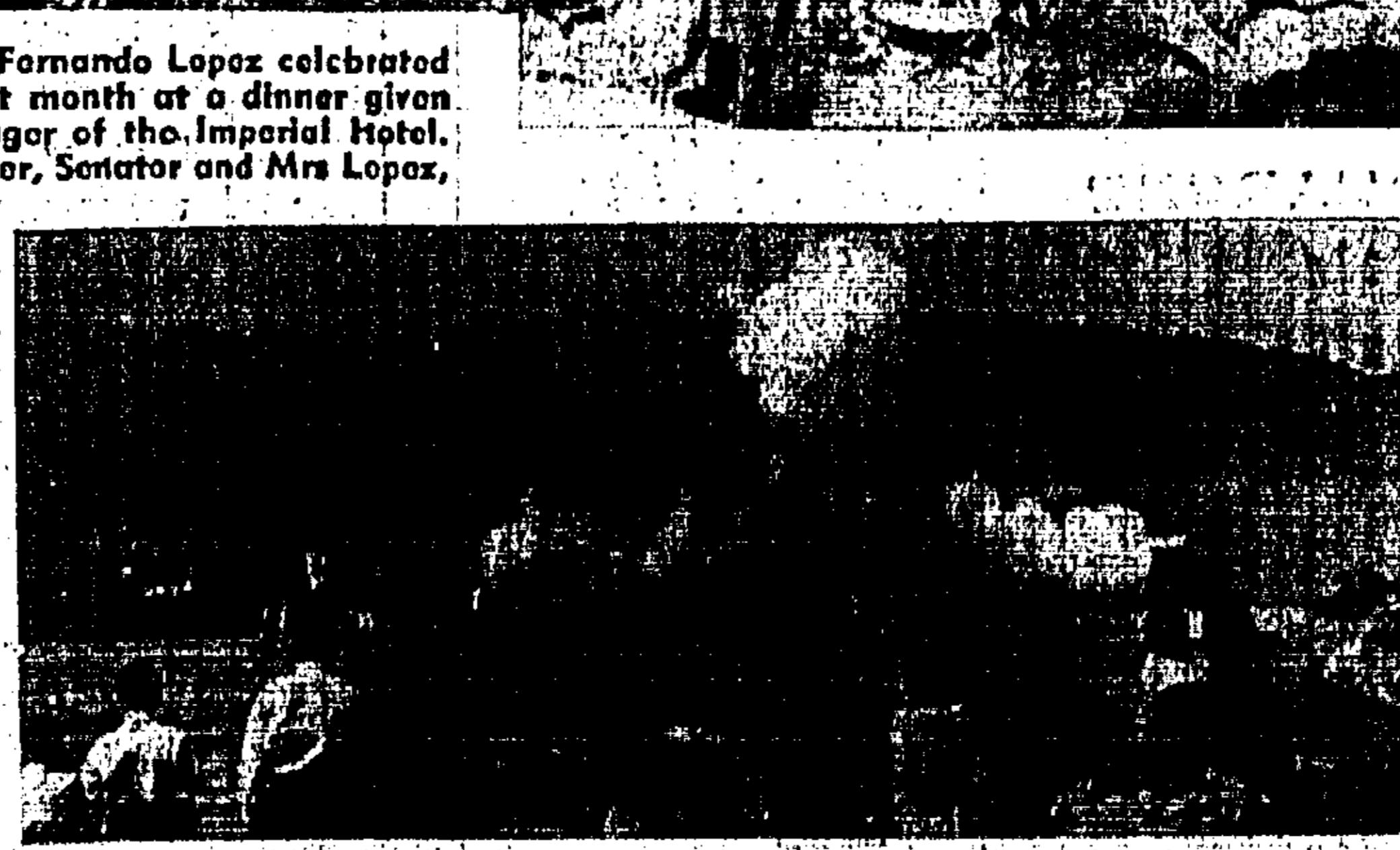
Sale Agents OHMS LTD., 100 Nathan Road, Hong Kong. Tel. 8720

Page 8



ABOVE: PI Senator and Mrs Fernando Lopez celebrated their wedding anniversary last month at a dinner given by Mr O. V. Escarraga, Manager of the Imperial Hotel. Pictured (l-r) are Mrs L. Fornier, Senator and Mrs Lopez, Mr Escarraga, PI Consul-General Jose A. Fornier, Mrs A. Escarraga (host's mother), Miss V. Collaco and Mr J. Jalbuena.

RIGHT: The 5 Battery (Gibraltar 1779-83) of the 14 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, last week commemorated the 43rd anniversary of their heroic stand at the Battle of the Aisne in World War I in which it was awarded the Croix de Guerre, with a parade at Sekkong.



**NO Frost ANYWHERE!**

# PHILCO

exclusive

**2-DOOR**

Refrigerator Model 12RD07

- Completely free of frost in both the Freezer and the Refrigerator
- 2.47 cu. ft. Freezer — 86 lb. capacity
- Exclusive Recessed Freezer Door

**Why not rent a PHILCO?**

**GILMAN'S**

Gloucester Avenue  
Shoeworm  
Tel. 871141



ABOVE: Mr J. R. Jones presenting a St John Ambulance Certificate to Mr Chow Hung at the Brigado's headquarters recently.



LEFT: Captain E. B. Becham (right) entertaining Mr L. G. Watson (second from left) and Mr G. C. Corkill during luncheon on board the Changto before she made her last trip to Australia.

ABOVE: Film stars from Shaw's seen taking part in a programme of entertainment organised by the studio for fans at the Queen's Elizabeth Playground.



RIGHT: Sir Robert Black (right) toasting Mr A. A. Bollini, Consul-General of Argentina, and Mrs Bollini, during the Argentine National Day reception held at the Ambassador Hotel.



ABOVE: Famous singer, Nat 'King' Cole and his wife pictured upon arriving for a short stay from Manila. Mr Cole told reporters that he would not sing in the Colony, but preferred to rest.



ABOVE: Chatting at the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals dinner at the Cafe de Chino this week were (l-r) Mr Yu Kwok-chu, Mr A. Inglis, Mr J. C. McDouall, Mr J. J. Cowperthwaite and Mr P. Donohoe.



ABOVE: The Hongkong Watch Importers have decided to take collective action against widespread infringement of trademarks here. Seen are Mr K. N. Wong, President of the association, and Mr E. L. Krouk, member of a watch-dog committee formed recently, chatting with the Press.

RIGHT: Major N. R. F. MacKinnon seen inspecting a parade of the Boys' Brigade held at the Union Church, Hongkong, this week. He is accompanied by Mr Graham Vozey.



**FOR YOUR  
NEXT HOLIDAY**

# RELAX IN BORNEO

SEE JESSELTON  
Underwater world, police busters, coral reefs and islands, airport Mr. Robbie (14,000 ft. high). Screen savers!

SEE RAUBUT (Abode of Peace)  
Golden forests, charming, colorful villages, the great Borneo orchids of Bako Park - sailing, swimming and fishing.

SEE KUCHING  
The historic, atmospheric city of green gardens and marble, Robert's caves from which date a civilization over 2,000 years old now - recently excavated.

SEE SANDAKAN  
The former Commandant's Castle, most beautiful of the Malaya Islands, the wilds of the Borneo are presented, lovely Berjaya island swimming and sailing.

CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS

A holiday in Borneo is a relaxing, rewarding experience. Complete your trip with a visit to Singapore and Malaya. Cathay Pacific operates daily services from Singapore to Hong Kong and twice weekly from Kuala Lumpur.

FLY THERE BY

**CATHAY PACIFIC**



LEFT: Hongkong-made powder was being listed by a clerk in the Commerce and Industry Department after selection for showing at the Sydney Trade Fair this summer.

**THE GOLDEN PHOENIX  
NIGHTCLUB AND RESTAURANT**  
1st Fl., Manson House, Nathan Road, Kowloon

Proudly Presents Two Top Star Attractions!

**THE GORGEOUS TOKYO CAN CAN GIRLS**  
Beauties from the Land of the Cherry Blossoms!

\*\*\*\*\*

and  
**THE FABULOUS SING LEE SING FAMILY**  
Spectacular Dances, Songs, Comedy, Juggling, Acrobatics! A Revue within itself featuring that tiny but terrific Master Rock 'n' Roll Jester!

\*\*\*\*\*

Music by Penchong Garcia and The Dynamic Dancers. Vocals by Bobbie Lee.

FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 68305

## THE SKIRT OF 1,000 PATCHES...

What is Madras cotton? It is the most talked-about cotton of the season. In Paris and the South of France it is the top choice for city-chic dressed in dark, rich stripes. You can get those dresses in London too—chic and practical for travel, work and play. Here is a long, lush evening skirt in Madras cotton for long summer evenings of barbecue parties and dinners at home in the country. Light, washable and packable, it is made from 1,000 multi-coloured patches. Worn with it: a primrose yellow Courteille linen top and black cashmere tie-over belt. All from Harvey Nichols Little Shop.

PICTURE BY PATRICK WARD.



**LADY LUCK**  
your CHINA MAIL horoscope

SATURDAY, JUNE 3

**AQUARIUS** (January 21–February 19): Be careful not to confide in someone who has imparted other people's secrets to you in the past.

**PISCES** (February 20–March 20): Don't be encouraged by the success of a gamble to increase your stakes the next time you bet.

**ARIES** (March 21–April 19): Encourage independence in an elderly relative by confirming your help to bare essentials.

**Taurus** (April 20–May 20): If you make an effort to keep up with the times, your advice to the young will carry more weight.

**GEMINI** (May 21–June 21): You will be glad to have word of a cancelled appointment which you yourself were not anxious to keep.

**CANCER** (June 22–July 21): Play primarily for safety in a business deal if you have others to think of besides yourself.

**LEO** (July 22–August 21): By keeping your nose too long to the grindstone you may never catch up with

the pleasures you have missed.

**VIRGO** (August 22–September 22): If your present routine job is a strain on your nerves, make serious effort to find something else.

**LIBRA** (September 23–October 22): Your steady application to your work may be a source of irritation to others less eager to get on.

**SCORPIO** (October 23–November 21): Your understanding of the basic needs of young children should make you an ideal parent or teacher.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22–December 21): If you are bored by the small talk that goes on at parties, spend your spare time with more serious people.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22–January 20): By acting for once on a selfish impulse you will please a partner who likes to indulge you.

**LUCKY ENCOUNTER:** If this is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named JANE may have some special significance.

## For a quick pick-me-up you can't beat a wax-bath

FOR the first time in my life I looked like an abominable snowman wrapped in a sandwich paper. I lay statue-still. Didn't dare move in case the hot, melted wax, which had been poured over me and left to harden, cracked.

Feeling very, very warm, I listened to the cool roar of Bond-street outside the window. "Have to dry you off before the massage," said the pretty, white-coated assistant, "or it will be like trying to massage mud pies."

Mud pies. I pictured cool, cool brown mud. Hot, hot dew scattered over the sides of my nose.

"You're sweating beautifully" said the assistant.

Twenty minutes later she had peeled my wrappings—two thin blankets, miniskirt and a lot of greaseproof paper. I lay like a gutter candle in a pool of liquid. She peeled the wax off as easily as a banana skin.

"The heat makes you sweat out all the dirt," she commented as I lashed my way out of about a gallon of water.

I showered, dried, put on a bathrobe and paper slippers with up-turned toes (hygienic, not Eastern influence), hung my purple face and hurried along

to a cubicle, pink as the inside of a pomegranate.

There I recovered for 10 minutes, was massaged for half an hour. I lied to the weighing machine to confirm I had lost a pound, made-up with free samples of make-up—and bounced back to my shopping, softer, cleaner, lighter, reinvigorated, restored.

I haven't got rheumatism, but if I had, I am assured, I would have felt better.

As it is, I thoroughly recommend this 2-guinea-worth of wax bath as an immediate pick-up for anyone who has been burning the candle at both ends.

They have a small shop in London. I spent a wistful-thinking half-hour there, delving through glorious silk squares, probably most appealing

to animal lovers. Deer, birds, dogs, horses, insects—they are all on different coloured backgrounds with contrasting borders.

My favourites:

**DOVES** on a yellow background with a saffron border; **INSECTS** on a white background with a shocking pink border.

For just one of them I would willingly trade all my 11 pieces of scruffy chiffon....

### Useful

FOR all those who worry about too little, too much, too curly, or any other kind of troublesome hair. I recommend a book:

**NEW HOPE FOR YOUR HAIR: A Scientific Guide to Healthy Hair for Men, Women, and Children** by Irwin T. Lubow, Muller, 21s.

It is full of useful information about straightening, curling, dyeing, improving—and above all how to keep your hair. Before it is too late, I for one will give it to my best balding man square, probably most appealing

### Startling

WOULD you pay seven guineas for one silk scarf? The price is pretty startling but if you saw the range produced by a famous French firm who are the scarf people in Paris—you would be tempted.

They have a small shop in London. I spent a wistful-thinking half-hour there, delving through glorious silk squares, probably most appealing

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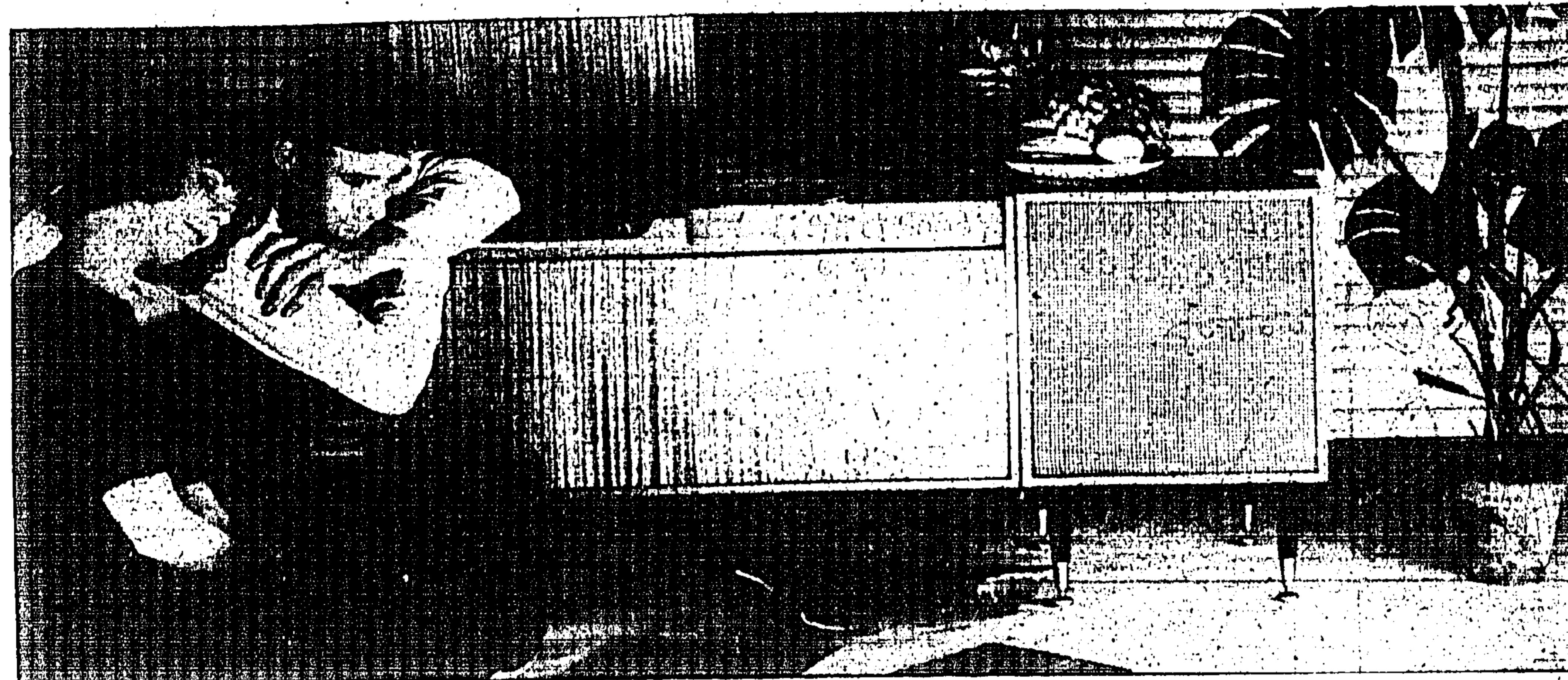
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★ ★ ★ PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ★ ★ ★

# The Magic of Hi-Fi

Home  
PagePICTURE BY JOHN COLE.  
Elegant listening: Cabinet £22 1s., amplifier £42, record-player £19, tuner £28 17s. 6d., loudspeaker complete £21, total £132 18s. 6d.*Fruit for dessert . . .**Melon delight*

1 Sweet melon, ½lb grapes, 1 slice water melon, ½ cups strawberries, 1 cup whipped cream, sugar.

Cut the berries in half if large in size, sprinkle with a little sugar and allow to stand in the refrigerator for a few hours. Cut the melon crosswise in half-thick slices and remove seeds. Peel and note the outer edges. To form polka dots. Peel grapes cut in half and remove seeds. Pile the grapes and water melon cut into bats in the centre of the melon ring. Put half a berry on each point of the melon slice, and

pour over the juice from the strawberries. Chill until ready to serve. Just before serving fill the notches with the whipped cream.

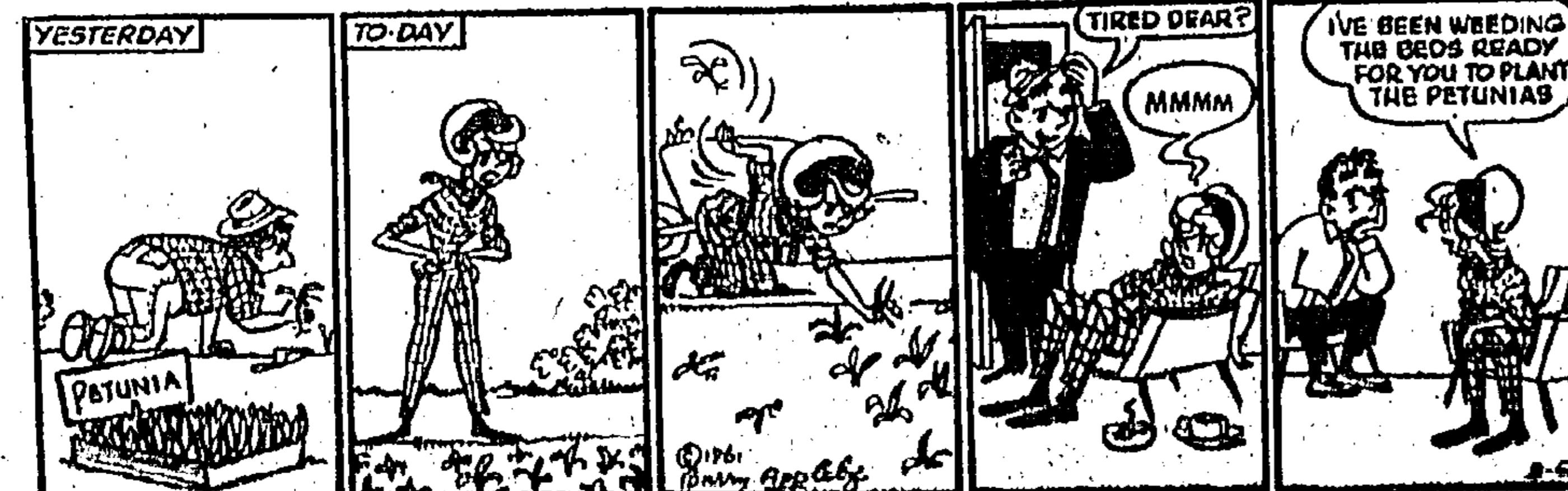
*Pear meringue*

4 pears, 4 tablespoons sugar, grated lemon rind, 2 egg whites, ½ cup castor sugar.

Peel and core the pears and place them in a baking dish. Fill each centre with one tablespoon sugar mixed with grated lemon rind. Add enough water to moisten the bottom of the dish and bake until tender in a moderate oven. Remove from the oven and cover each with a meringue made with the stiffly beaten egg whites and the castor sugar. Return to a slow oven and continue baking until meringue is set and browned.

*Raspberry whip*

1 cup raspberries, ½ cup castor sugar, 1 egg white and a few cherries or white grapes. Wash fruit and drain thoroughly. Place all the ingredients except the cherries or grapes into a large bowl and beat for about five minutes. Serve in tall glasses and top with cherries or grapes.

*THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS . . .*

by BILL CATER

**HI-FI** — high-fidelity equipment — is the best in radio and record-playing; just that. It makes the sound from ordinary radio sets seem as if the sets were wrapped in cotton wool and covered with a tin can. So why not have hi-fi?

Like a lot of people, I had been scared off by hi-fi-owning friends.

I explained it to a hi-fi manufacturer:—

"So far as I can tell, hi-fi costs the earth, has to be attended by a full-time expert with a portable soldering iron, needs a separate room draped with velvet curtains, and is really only for people who know a micro-fund when they see one and want to hear Toscanini's watch ticking when he's conducting the Eroica." I said.

"Furthermore, it has to be played at full blast and listened to from one special spot!" He was very decent about it, really. He just passed me a cup of tea and said: "No."

*No velvet*

YOU don't, it appears, need a soldering iron, you don't need a velvet-draped room, you don't need to spend a fortune, and you don't need to know a volt from an amp.

They are made to be linked with simple plug-in each-and-every cabinet. If you buy all the bits from one maker he will supply simple instructions for plugging them together and if you buy bits from various sources the dealer will explain — or do it.

*Simplest*

IN its simplest form this set-up can cost as little as £75. Cabinets to house the different pieces can add £15 to £30. Why not spend the money on a radiogram, with all the bits in one neat box?

One reason is that you get much better value for your money by buying the bits and stringing them together. Again, it is the fault of the radio manufacturers, many of whom make hi-fi equipment too. It is the result of purchase tax.

Buy the different bits needed for a radiogram each in its own little box and you pay no tax on some of them. Buy them together in the same box and you pay tax on the lot.

How much should you spend? It all depends on how hi you want your fi to be. Equipment costing £170 to £200 will be even more realistic, more faithful to the original sound.

The only way to decide what to buy and how much to spend is to go to a hi-fi dealer and ask him to demonstrate different equipment working. Ask his advice—and then go to another dealer and get his advice.

*Addicts*

LISTEN, too, to stereo equipment. This has now passed the fun-and-games stage of records of trains hurtling through your drawing-room, and many

addicts declare that it is as much "Do-it-yourself" types can build superior to monaural hi-fi as their own cabinets: the various monaural is to the old wind-up units fit in very simply.

Or you can have the equipment built in to cupboards, book-cases or wall fixtures; there's no need to have bits of radio all round the room, joined by a snake-bit of flex.

Again, the hi-fi dealer is the man to consult so that everything is placed to get the best results.

Go ahead — and see if you can hear Toscanini's watch. (London Express Service).

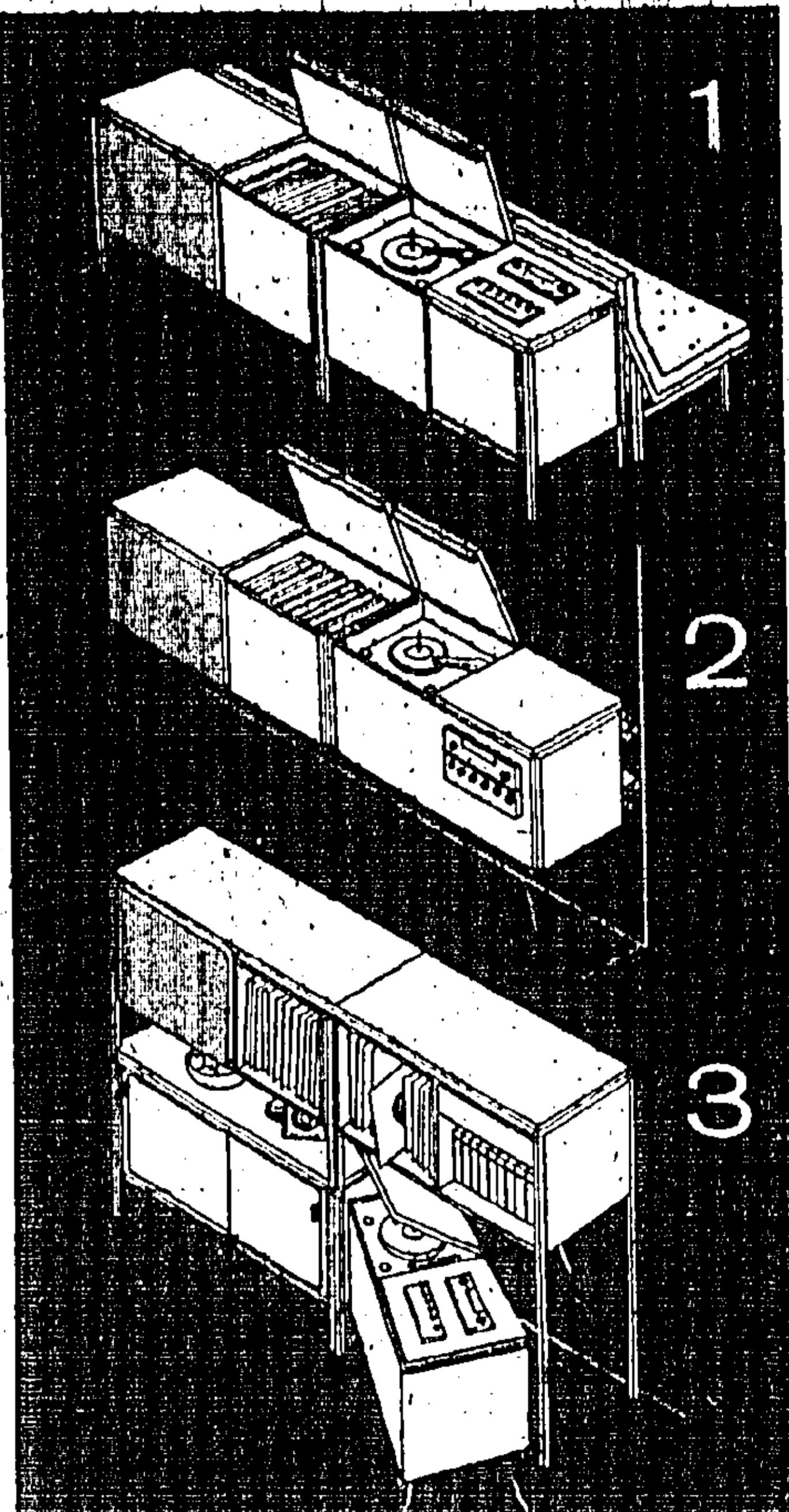
## \$400.00 REWARD

Now your children can show their artistic skill and win \$400 by entering the Parke Davis PALADAC Picture Colouring Competition.

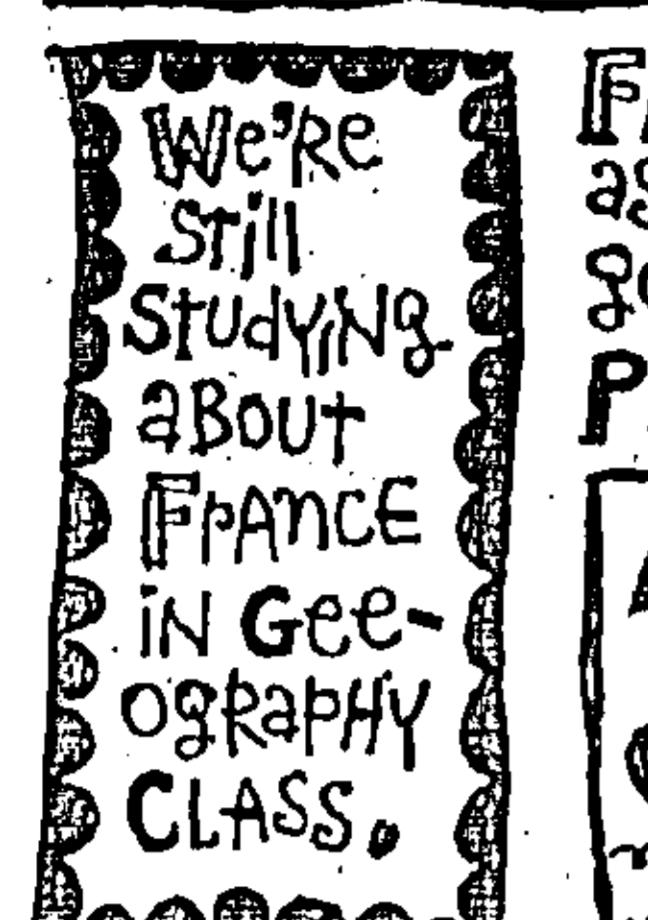
*COOK BETTER MEALS*

BALADAC, the orange-flavoured multi-vitamin product that's so essential for children.

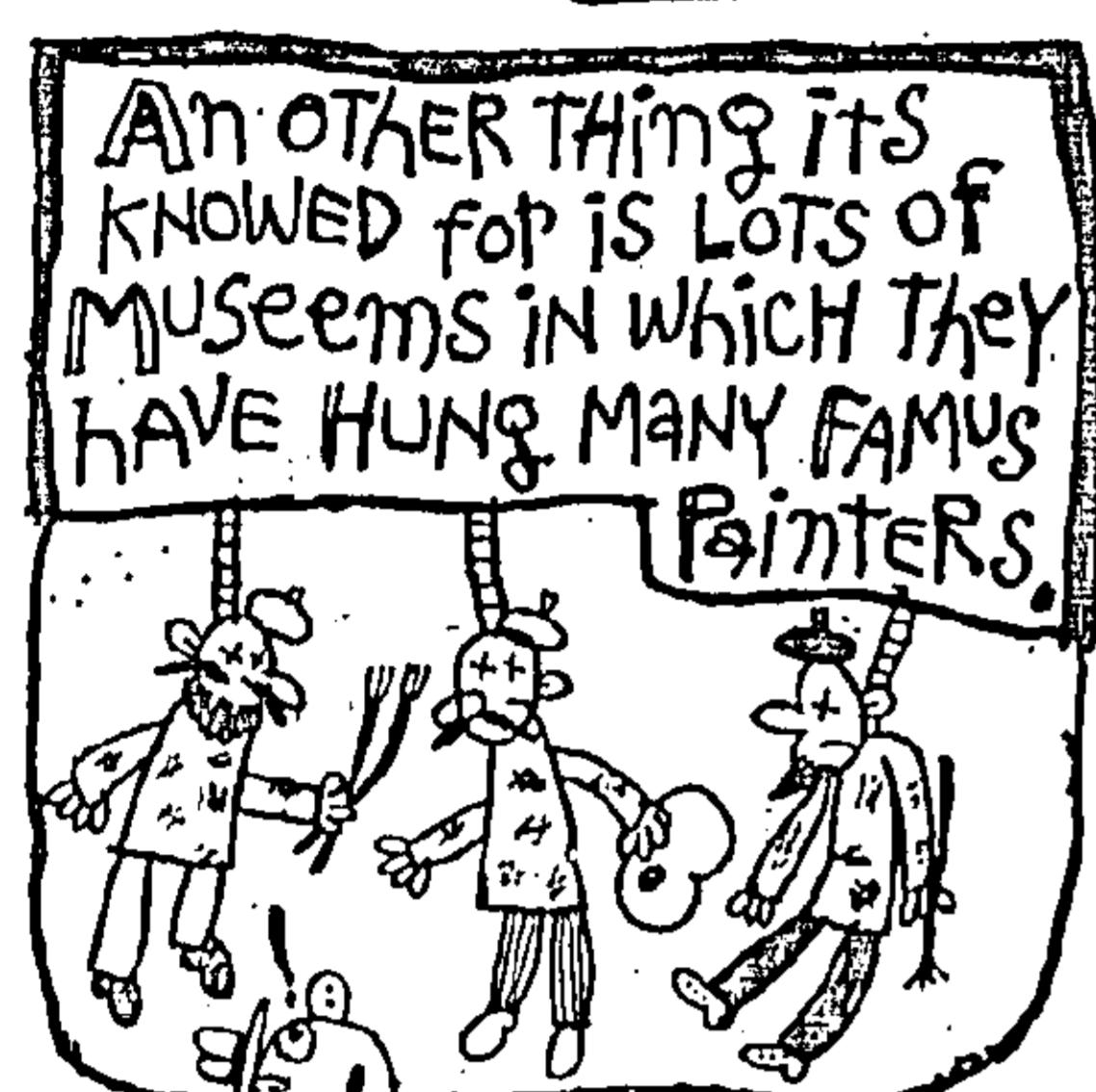
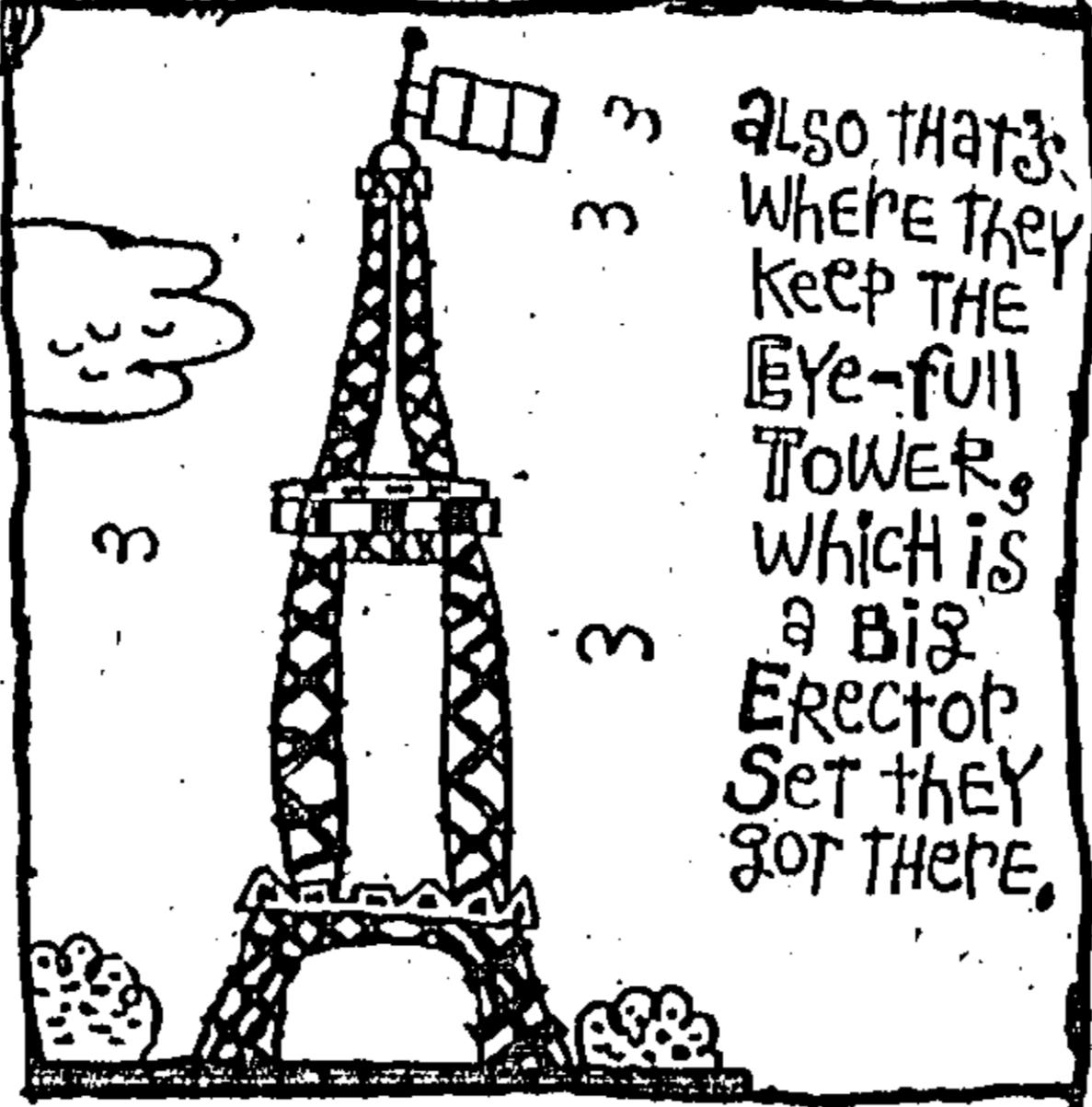
Don't forget every entrant will receive a small bottle of PALADAC free from Parke Davis. Remember a label from the front of a PALADAC bottle must be sent in with your entry form which is readily available from every drug store and dispensary.



DESIGNED BY TOM LAM, DRAWN BY ROY CASTLE

**JACKY'S DIARY**BY JACKY MENDLOHN  
Age 33½

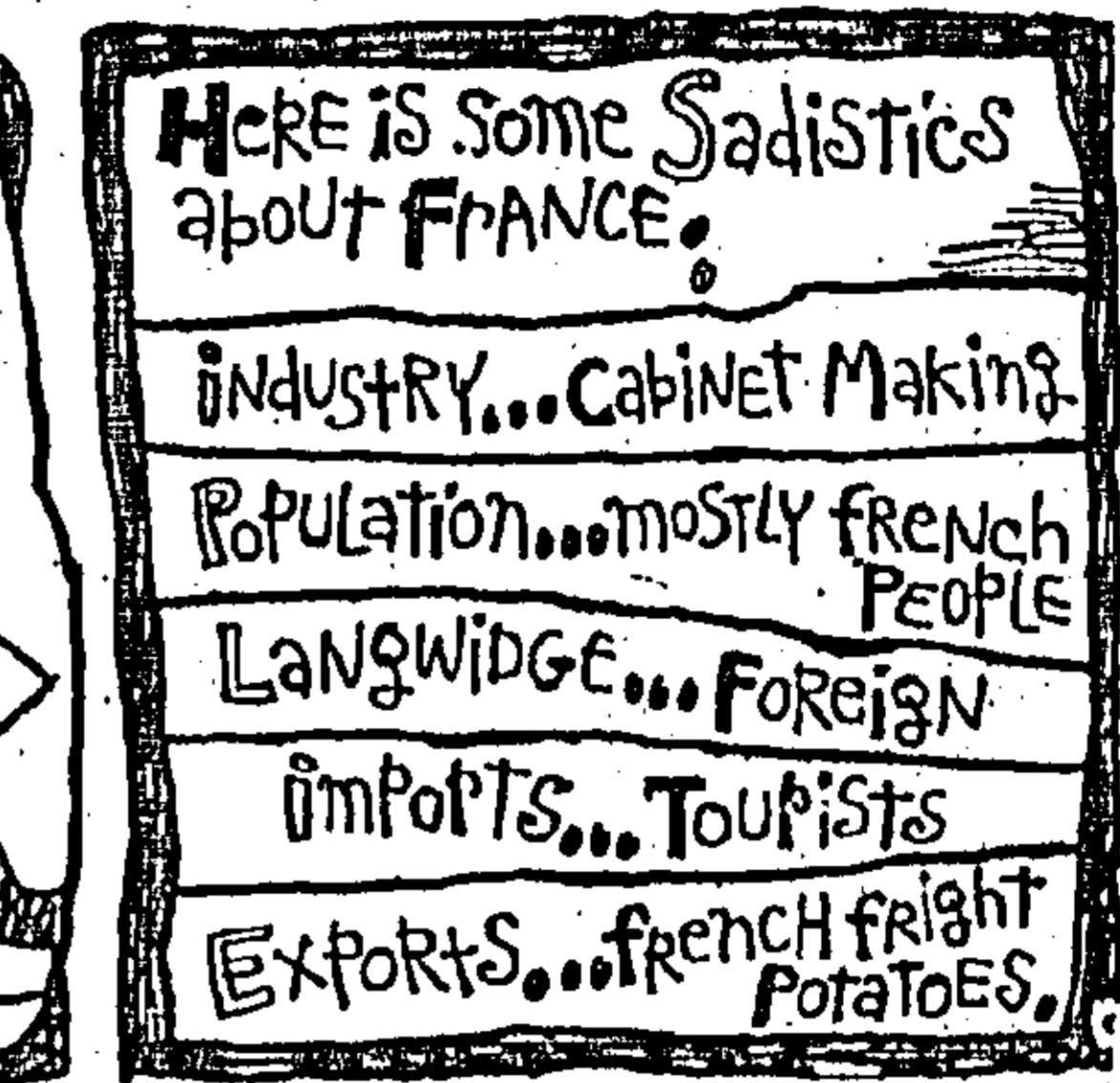
FRANCE IS ON THE SAME CHANNEL AS ENGLAND, WHICH MEANS THEY GET TO WATCH THE SAME TELEVISION PROGRAMS.



ANOTHER GOOD PART ABOUT FRANCE IS, IF YOU CLIMB UP ON THE ALPS YOU CAN PEAK OVER INTO SWITZERLAND FOR FREE.



ALSO THEY'RE KNOWN FOR MAKING TINY LITTLE CARS, WHICH THEY SEND TO THE UNITED STATES SO THEY'LL GROW UP TO BE BIG & STRONG.



INDUSTRY... CABINET MAKING

POPULATION... MOSTLY FRENCH PEOPLE

LANGUAGE... FOREIGN

IMPORTS... TOURISTS

EXPORTS... FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.

**CHESS**

By LEONARD BARDEN

The sensation of the first round of this year's Russian championship was the defeat of world title contender in only 20 moves. Here's how it happened (Bronstein v. Geller).  
 1 P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2 P-QB4, P-QK3; 3 Kt-QB3, B-KB6; 4 P-QK3, B-KK7; 5 P-B4, P-KP; 6 P-KP, B-KB6; 7 P-KP; K2, Qkt-Q4; 8 Kt-B4; 9 P-B4; 11 B-Q3, BxKt; 12 QxKt; R-K1; 13 Castle, R-QB1; 14 R-KL, Q-K4; 15 RxKt (safer 14 P-KR4, P-KR3? (better 16... P-KR3; 17 P-K5, R-B3); 16 R-KR4, P-KR3? P-B4; 17 Kt-B4, PxKt; 18 P-B4, P-KP; 19 P-Kt, P-KP; 20 Q-KB3 1. Resign. If 20... PxQ; 21 RxP ch, and 22 Kt xP mate.

Solution No. 6040: 1 B-B8 (threat 2 Q-K8), P-B4; 2 R-K6, or 1... Kt(K4)-Q3; 2 R-K5, or 1... Kt(K4)-Q3; 2 R-K4, or 1... Q-K3 ch; 2 R-K1.

London Express Service

**TALKING POINTS**

The reading of all good books is like a conversation with the finest men of past centuries.

—DESCARTES.

## 700 MICE HELP RACE TO SPACE

—Sarah, of London, helps too



MICE dropping down a shaft clad in tiny spacesuits. Chimpanzees in orbit for a fortnight. Human breath reverting to oxygen. Space "garages" made from empty rocket fuel tanks.

There are points of the strange projects on which American scientists in other space centres have been working quietly while all eyes were on Cape Canaveral.

The mice—700 of them—are taking part in experiments to give man new facts about impact, and its effect on a body. They are loaded into a carriage at the top of a shaft and dropped 100 feet to the bottom.

Technicians take careful note of the rate of drop and impact, and the mice are positioned so that they will land like astronauts—back first.

Results show that a mouse can survive a 10 m.p.h. impact but not one at 31 m.p.h. It can withstand deceleration 650 times fiercer than gravity. That, apparently, will help some spaceman one day—but at a price. All 700 mice.

**FROM BREATH TO OXYGEN**

I report, with a thrill, that BRITAIN is playing a small part in the launching of men into space. The Cabinet may not approve. Some under-secretaries will no doubt have apoplexy. But the "beeps" that follow every American astronaut's drop into the sea are—British.

The monkey will test new and more sensitive equipment for encoding, and transmitting to earth, medical recordings of heartbeats, pulse rate and breathing rhythm.

**SARAH WAVES THE FLAG**

I report, with a thrill, that BRITAIN is playing a small part in the launching of men into space. The Cabinet may not approve. Some under-secretaries will no doubt have apoplexy. But the "beeps" that follow every American astronaut's drop into the sea are—British.

It converts the carbon dioxide breathed out by a man into water—and mixing it with hydrogen gas over a grid of wire wool and iron oxide. The water is broken down into hydrogen and fresh oxygen, in a special cell. Solid carbon is

(London Express Service)

Space "garages" that can be inflated, and others that can be built out of the bits and pieces of hundreds of rockets that will clutter up space a few years hence, are on the drawing boards of several U.S. missile firms.

Fibre glass, plastic and fabric are the favoured building materials, for again weight is of prime importance.

The idea is to use these platforms as "floating" stores for food, water, oxygen reserves, medical supplies and fresh batteries. Plans include one to orbit for a year, another for just six days. Spacecraft will rendezvous, unload "complies" and re-stock, thus keeping their own loads to a minimum.

With them are two girls, one an actress from America, the other a student from London. They all wear jeans, open-necked denim shirts, and hairstyles that went out with the Neanderthal man, and provide an interesting contrast to the bevy of film festival starlets and their pursuers who provide the background against which the ensuing dialogue is played out. I am offered a marihuana cigarette.

**PLACE:** The bar of a luxury hotel on the Croisette. **TIME:** 7.30 p.m.

**CHARACTERS:** A group of prominent beat generation writers from San Francisco, Terence Rattigan, myself and sundry extras. The beat writers are sitting at a table, centre, suspiciously sipping the exclusive atmosphere and writing bits of poetry on the backs of envelopes, on the tablecloth and on the menu.

With them are two girls, one an actress from America, the other a student from London. They all wear jeans, open-necked denim shirts, and hairstyles that went out with the Neanderthal man, and provide an interesting contrast to the bevy of film festival starlets and their pursuers who provide the background against which the ensuing dialogue is played out. I am offered a marihuana cigarette.

T. W.—No thanks, I prefer a filter tip.

Allen Ginsberg (the senior of the beat poets)—Who's this Terence Rattigan we're gonna meet?

T. W.—He is one of England's leading playwrights.

Beat Girl—Is he an angry young man?

T. W.—No, he makes too much money to be angry.

Ginsberg—Will he buy us supper?

T. W.—I have no idea.

**Aunt Edna... would certainly not have approved'**

Peter Orlovsky (a junior beat poet, and friend of Ginsberg).—What is this Terence Rattigan doing here, anyway?

T. W.: He tells me he came to the Riviera to kill Aunt Edna.

Orlovsky—Yeah? Who is this dame?

T. W.: She is the mythical and middle-brow maiden aunt for whom Mr. Rattigan once declared he wrote his plays. She has made Mr. Rattigan a very rich and successful man.

Ginsberg—Why does he want to kill her?

T. W.: Because Aunt Edna is a terrible square, and he has come to the Riviera to write a preface to a new collection of his plays. I think he's determined to prove that he has moved with the times by getting rid of his unfashionable aunt. It was by saying that he wrote his plays for her that Rattigan created the image of himself as an impeccably dressed upper-class Tory gent who tosses off plays between rounds of golf at Sunningdale.

Rattigan (politely): How very interesting. Unfortunately I didn't see The Connection they were showing down here at the Festival, and the director wanted us to come down to see it, and she said like we could all stay up at her villa for free—and like we'd go digging anywhere for free so that's how we're here.

Ginsberg—Would you like to earn as much money as I do?

Ginsberg—How much money do you earn?

Rattigan—Well, I have just paid 120,000 dollars to write a script in Hollywood.

Ginsberg—In that case, will you buy my supper?

Rattigan—I won't buy you supper personally, because I have a date, but I will happily pay for your supper. (He hands him a 5,000 franc note.)

Ginsberg—No, man, I can't take it.

Rattigan—Isn't that a trifle square of you, to have a bourgeois sense of shame about accepting money?

Orlovsky—I will take it, man.

Rattigan—Well, to return to my question. Would you have gone to Hollywood and written that script for 120,000 dollars, or I did?

Ginsberg—No, man, I wouldn't.

I like it, but I don't want to be told what to write, like to me it is more important to be

Ginsberg—Yeah, it's ugly—but it's beautiful, like the way ugliness is beautiful, you dig?

Rattigan (politely): Yes, I certainly dig, yes, I certainly do, yes.

(Enter Italian count, right, wearing dark glasses and looking for girls.)

Rattigan—I can see that a labourer under the influence of drugs may be more real than Shakespeare, but on the whole, I must confess, I do prefer the sonnets to the labourer's grunts.

Ginsberg—It's swinging, man, it's swinging.

Rattigan (politely): I am so glad.

(Enter Italian count, right, wearing dark glasses and looking for girls.)

Rattigan—I am terribly sorry I am late. It took me ages to select the right tie for this auspicious occasion. I trust you dig it.

Ginsberg—It's swinging, man,

Rattigan (politely): I am so glad.

(Enter Italian count, right, wearing dark glasses and looking for girls.)

Rattigan—One thing I would like to know about you.

Ginsberg—Sure, anything man.

Rattigan—Well, it's like we were in Paris, and there was this

**RATTIGAN**

**MEETS THE BEATS**

Downstairs, in which she made very little impact.

Now she is being launched as C.C.—the answer to M. M. (Marilyn Monroe) and B. B. (Brigitte Bardot).

It is perhaps interesting that another girl who later became a big star also appeared in a Betty Box—Ralph Thomas comedy in England without causing much of a stir.

Her initials were B. B.

**Almost success**

**VAN HEFLIN**, whose Hollywood career has been on the decline in recent years, almost walked off with the best actor award at the recent film festival here for his performance in the low-budget film called *The Wastrel*, which was entered by Cyprus.

He has always been a good actor, but despite having made around 50 Hollywood films and won an Oscar in 1942, he has never quite become a star of the top rank.

**LOW SALARY**

"I decided some years ago," he said, "that I would keep the salary I was asking down to 75,000 dollars per picture. I thought that way I would not price myself out of the best parts."

"But it doesn't seem to work that way. Producers seem to want you far more if they can't afford you."

Heflin appears to be accepting this situation philosophically.

"With my face, maybe, it is not surprising that I am not a star. Fortunately I have earned a lot of money and have lived frugally and I can retire tomorrow if I wanted to."

"Maybe I will. I am just going to wait and see what turns up."

If what had turned up for Van had been the best actor award at Cannes, it would have been a very sweet victory over a Hollywood that seems to have forgotten him.

—London Express Service.

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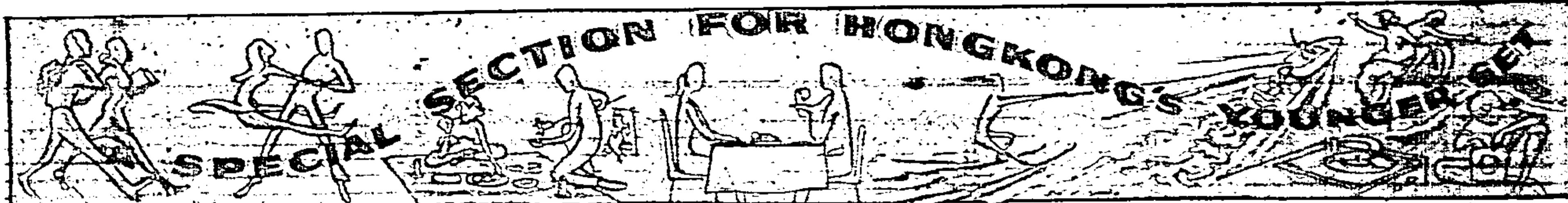
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**SWISSAIR**



# THE MYSTERY OF A MIDNIGHT CARILLON

By Robert Bau

It was a decade ago when the residents of a small English hamlet were awakened at two in the morning by the sound of bells — the carillon of St. Mark's Church — ringing out in a strange melody.

Next morning, parishioners demanded to know who had been playing at that unearthly hour, and why. But nobody could tell them. In fact, church officials denied that the bells had rung at all.

But the carillon of St. Mark's did ring that night. And the reason was Mr. Zeller, an old man with rapidly failing eyesight, and a passion for chess, and a friend named Vincent McIntyre.

Mr. Zeller would not reply to Vincent McIntyre's cheery comments when he first began coming in to Vincent's dry-cleaning shop. So Vincent let him alone.

One day, however, in a nearby park, he saw Mr. Zeller sitting with his head bent very close to a chess board as he worked out a problem.

Possibly no other thing could have won Vincent admittance into Mr. Zeller's confidence. Vincent, too, loved chess and soon they were lost in a game.

## A hymn

They played often after that and it was during these games that Mr. Zeller hummed an odd little tune under his breath.

Always he hummed the same tune until one day Vincent asked what it was.

"It's a hymn, a religious song," Mr. Zeller said, a far-away look in his eyes. "My mother used to sing it to me when I was a child."

"It's beautiful," said Vincent. "So sad."

Mr. Zeller peered at Vincent through his thick eyeglasses for a long moment. "It depends which end you are on," he said slowly.

"My mother sang it when things were very bad, to give

## A legacy

Vincent watched him go with a chill sense of foreboding.

Shortly before two o'clock in the morning Vincent was awakened by the telephone. It was Mr. Zeller.

"Vincent," he said. "I am leaving everything to you. You are my only friend. You'll be getting £29 from me by mail, so don't be surprised. Goodbye."

"What are you talking about?" shouted Vincent. "I'll soon be blind," said Zeller. "I'm old and tired. I no longer wish to keep on living." And he hung up.

Vincent stood transfixed with dreadful realisation. He knew Mr. Zeller lived in a small furnished room in the neighbourhood. But he didn't know the address.

There was no way to find him, except — "God," whispered Vincent, "what shall I do?" And the answer came to him.

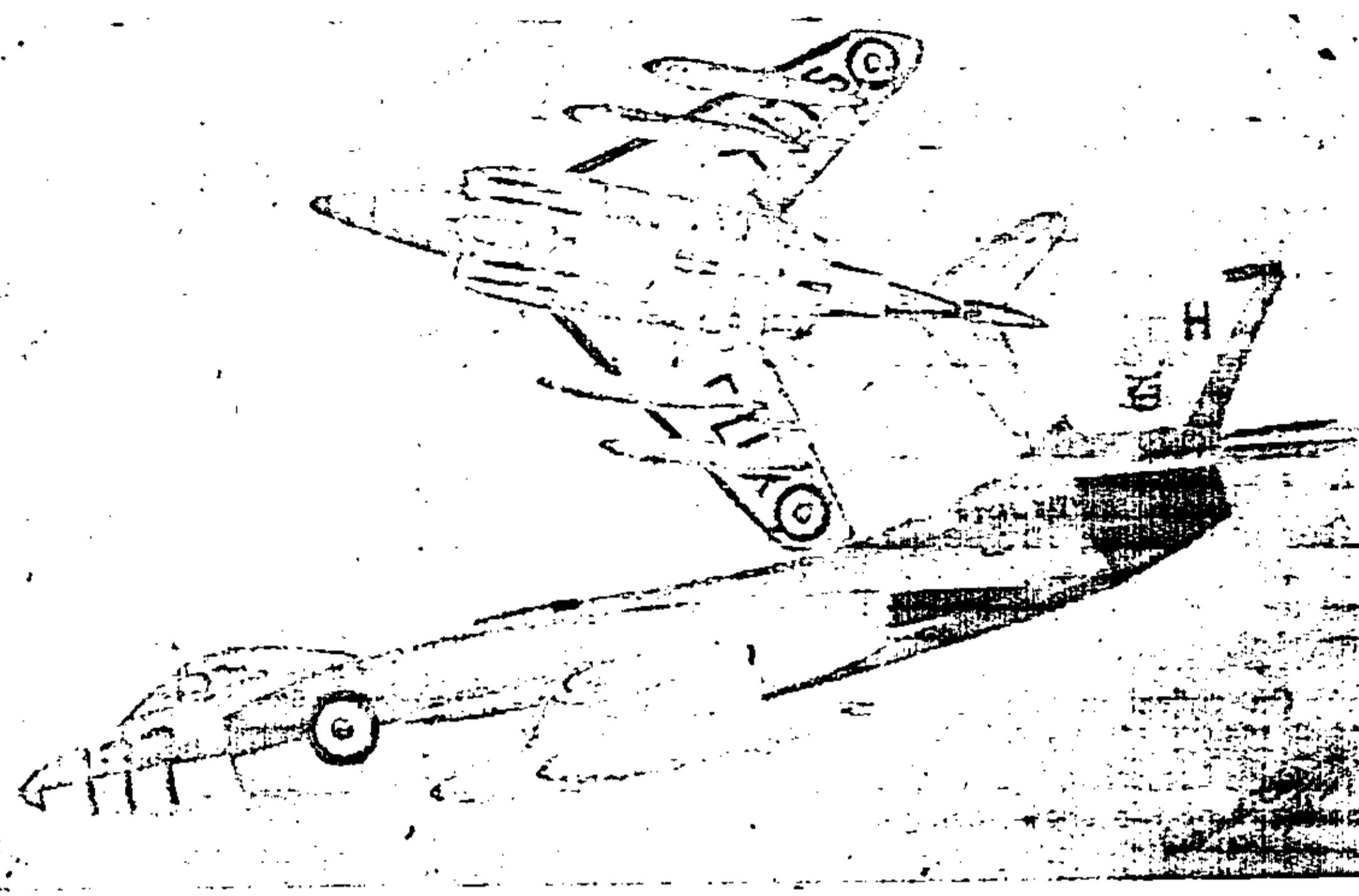
## Courage

Vincent dressed and rushed out into the hushed streets. He knew most of the people in the area personally. And of the four people living near the church who were trained in the art of carillon playing, surely one would do what he had thought of....

Within ten minutes it began: carillon bells ringing out a hymn at two in the morning. Again and again the hymn was played.

Then it suddenly stopped, because Vincent saw Mr. Zeller walking toward the church, his face lifted up in awe.

As Vincent went out to meet him and grasped his arm, Mr. Zeller said, "It was as if my mother were singing to me again, giving me courage to go on living. And so I shall."



Credit card to Edmund Chan for his drawing of two Sabre-jets from aircraft carrier HMS 'Hermes'

## Attention!

Last week on the front page of the 17/21 Club section, there was a story entitled "Equality and a Dutch Treat."

We printed it in good faith believing that it had been written by Joia Ozorio, as the contribution was signed by that name.

But now Joia has written to the club saying that she had nothing at all to do with the article. Our apologies go to you Joia.

This isn't the first time this has happened—but we certainly hope it will be the last.

If it happens again we shall have to take some line of action.

But what an amazing thing! That people should go to the trouble of writing articles and then contribute them under somebody else's name!

Now, if you want to see a story or drawing of yours published, join the club—the rules are in this section—and send in your entries. BUT USE YOUR OWN NAME.

## NEW

## MEMBERS

PETER WONG, 20, of 1 Fat Kwong-street, flat 152, Hung Hom, Kowloon. A student of Hongkong University.

MAY MARTINEZ, 17, a student of 98 Parkes-street, second floor, Hongkong.

NORMAN LIANG, 21, a clerk of 189 Des Voeux-road West, 1st floor, Hongkong.

KINGSLEY LINCOLN NG, 17, a student of 11 Chancery-lane, 3rd floor, Hongkong.

D. B. DOLLY, 18, a merchant of 33 Hollywood-road, Hongkong.

PETER KIANG, 20, student of 112 Queen's-road Central, Hongkong.

## EXAMINATION JOKES

The conclusion made by the boy who works too hard a few days before the examinations:

His concentration had not been put on studies but on trying to stay awake during the night.

★ ★ ★

In the lower forms in our school there goes on a constant struggle between the teachers who try to finish the syllabus before the end of the year, and the students, who slow them down as much as possible.

Credit card to Prem Khemney.

# NOTES ON NOTES

by CARL MYATT

## KONG LING'S BACK— TIRED BUT HAPPY

### Singing star's success in America

THE lovely and talented local singing star, Kong Ling, returned from the USA last Tuesday after appearing in the Arthur Godfrey TV show. Back in the Colony for not even twenty-four hours and looking a little tired but happy, she granted me an interview.

On arrival in America just over six months ago, Kong Ling said she felt like "a little girl lost," and "terribly homesick," but Godfrey and the rest of the members of the show soon put her at ease.

"They were all so friendly and warm towards me," said Kong Ling, "that I was soon made to feel at home . . . but of course I missed Hongkong very much."

#### Honour

and it was a great honour to work with him."

"As for Dick Hyman and his Orchestra, they're simply great. In fact, everyone in the show was very helpful."

I asked her what she thought of the people she worked with and this is what she said, "Well, Mr Godfrey is one of the nicest persons I have ever met

Before the big TV appearance on May 17, Kong Ling was a regular feature



Kong Ling photographed in a local music store last week soon after her arrival. Behind are copies of her cha-cha album.

in Arthur Godfrey's radio show "Arthur Godfrey Time" which goes on the air from the other guest stars every Monday to Friday.

In the TV show, Kong Ling stole the spotlight when asked whether she would perform here she replied, "At the moment I'm rather tired and would like to rest for a little while before deciding."

"The Ding Dong Song." In between the radio shows and TV rehearsals, Kong Ling toured the States and in her travels met such celebrities as Sammy Davis Jr., Connie Francis; Nat King Cole; Johnny Mathis; Bobby Darin; Peter Ustinov and many others.

And of the future? "I would like to make many more records and have another trip to America."

Whatever the future holds for Kong Ling, I'm sure you all join me in wishing her every success.

### Hongkong Hit Parade by Mitch Meredith

The Kingston Trio who won fame with Tom Dooley are breaking up.

Apparently dissension has been rampaging for several months and the leader of the folk group Dave Guard has decided to leave.

They are staying together to finish their commitments as they stand at present, but have refused to take on any more.

Frank Werber their manager claims that the remaining two members; Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane, will find a replacement for Dave.

Dave Guard has other ideas, "I won't allow it," he says "The Kingston Trio name belongs to me, I always signed all contracts as leader."

What will eventually happen is hard to determine, it's not known whether Mr Guard will start singing on his own. What is certain is the following fact—that this is the end of the annual earnings of the trio as a whole. That is a million dollars!

★ ★ ★

Elvis is not the king of Rock!

This might seem to be a controversial statement, but judging from recent hit parades the essence has become one of 'rhythm-with-a-time'!

It can't be denied that there is no longer a hungry throng of screaming teenagers, thirst-

ing for crude Rock 'n' Roll in large doses.

I think this is a good sign. Nowadays the fans like their big beat floating along with a decent melody.

Perhaps this is why Elvis is bringing us more and more songs like; Love Me Tender, Wild in the Country, Are You Lonesome Tonight, Wooden Heart, and so on.

Elvis, shrewd as ever, is bending with the wind in

acquiescing to popular demand. I think he is just trying to prove himself an artist, able to defend himself in as many conflicting fields as possible.

★ ★ ★

A new hit parader, a song called "Don't Treat Me Like a Child!" The singer? fourteen-year-old Helen Shapiro. The changes brought about in her life include autograph-hunting school friends!

#### THE TOP TEN

1. The Next Kiss .....	Conway Twitty
2. Eldorado .....	Richard Hayman and his Orch.
3. I Gotta Love You .....	Mona Fong
4. Tintarella Di Luna .....	Giancarlo and his Italian Combo
5. Suddenly .....	Mark Dinning
6. Moody River .....	Pat Boone
7. Tonight My Love, Tonight .....	Paul Anka
8. Kiss Me Honey, Honey Kiss Me .....	Marilyn Palmer
9. More Than I can Say .....	Bobby Vee
10. Hello Mary Lou .....	Ricky Nelson.

#### HITS HERE AND THERE DEPARTMENT

##### U.S.A.

(1) Mother-in-Law (Ernie K. Doe)	(1) Surrender (Elvis Presley)
(2) Runaway (Del Shannon)	(2) Runaway (Del Shannon)
(3) Daddy's Home (Shep and the Limeliters)	(3) On the Rebound—(Floyd Cramer)

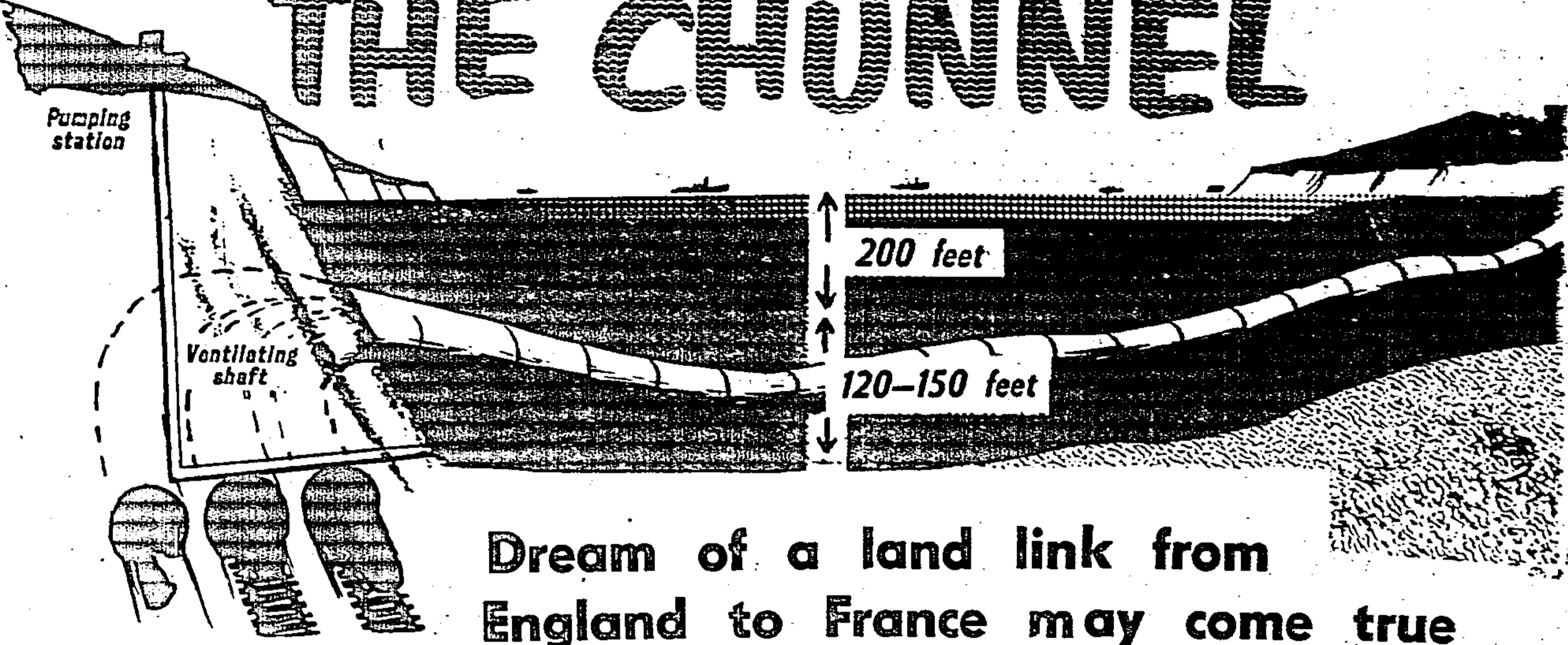
##### BRITAIN

## ELVIS PRESLEY



A credit card to Frances Lew

# THE CHANNEL



## Dream of a land link from England to France may come true

THE Governments of Britain and France will soon be announcing their decision whether or not there is to be a Channel tunnel.

The men behind the tunnel plan believe they will get the go-ahead and that in a few years time it will be possible to travel by train under the English Channel from the Kent Coast to France—a 36-mile journey in about 40 minutes.

And a dream that started more than 150 years ago will at last come true.

It was in 1802 that a French engineer named Albert Mathieu began it all when he put the idea to Napoleon Bonaparte.

His idea was to build two tunnels—one from England, one from France—that would meet on an artificial island built on the Varne Bank in mid-Channel.

### At war

The island would be necessary, he thought, so that the horses that would pull the trains could come up into the air for a rest.

'Boney' was quite impressed by the scheme but by the next

year England and France were at war again—it was two years before Trafalgar—and the plan was shelved.

But the idea had captured public imagination on both sides of the Channel and it has never been allowed to drop for long since. Over the years a score of engineers have produced plans while crackpots have also joined in the "Chunnel" game.

In 1803 an Englishman named Mottray asked, why go to the trouble of tunnelling? Why not make a great big iron tube and then lay it on the seabed?

He was soon told. The sea bed is not level and it would

be no easy task to make cuttings 200ft. under water. Nor were the engineers of the time confident that they would be able to make waterproof joints under the sea.

But the tube idea was to be raised again and again. A man named Young proposed to float the tube midway between seabed and the surface of the water. It would be held in position by hawsers attached to the seabed.

In 1836 a French engineer named Thome de Gamond produced the first of his many plans for linking the two countries. It was for a bridge, the biggest bridge in the world.

When it was pointed out, that apart from anything else, this bridge would be impossibly expensive he proposed to build jetties jutting five miles out to sea from each coast. And have a vast ferry going to and fro between them. This was also turned down on the grounds of expense.

But undeterred de Gamond went skin-diving, weighted down with stones, 100ft. beneath the surface in order to study the rock formation. Once he was attacked by fish. Then he came up with another scheme—for a tubular steel viaduct 160ft. above the waves. Imagine being in a train crossing the Channel at this height on a flimsy viaduct in the teeth of a 60 miles an hour wind! That idea too failed to get support.

In 1852, the year the Duke of Wellington died, a French doctor named Prosper Payerne produced a scheme. He had designed a diving bell and proved to scoffers that it did, in fact, work by staying underwater off Cherbourg in it for 12 hours.

### 13 islands

His idea was to make a 50ft. wide causeway across the Channel of prefabricated blocks and then have the tunnel built on this foundation by workmen using his diving bells. Workmen were not so keen on the plan.

A Frenchman named Horeau also had an attractive plan. It was 1860, the year the first British ironclad was launched and Garibaldi was liberating Italy. He proposed a tunnel

with ventilating chimneys sticking up above the waves.

To disguise the chimneys islands would be towed out into the Channel by paddle steamers. And on the islands would be built Gothic pavilions with turrets and minarets and lots of lights. There would be a string of 13 of these islands.

Sailors put the damper on this one. They said it might look very pretty but what if they ran into one in fog or storm?

But now British engineers like William Low and Sir John Hawkshaw, the man who built the Seven Tunnel, joined in.

More practicable tunnel plans were drawn up. Companies were formed in England and France to build the 'Chunnel'. Prime Minister Gladstone approved. The French approved. And in 1875 the French began the work of taking nearly 8,000 soundings and over 8,000 samples of the sea bed.

In 1878, as electric lighting began, the French started on the tunnel. They began at Sangatte, just south of Calais.

They drove a shaft that went down 250ft., more than 150ft. below the sea. From the bottom of the shaft a 6ft. wide tunnel headed towards England. Over here we were slower getting started. The trouble was raising the money. But by 1882 machines like giant dentists' drills had driven one tunnel over a mile towards France from a shaft sunk at Shakespeare Cliff, and another went half a mile from Abbotts Cliff, both west of Dover.

Then the Government ordered work to stop. An inquiry was to be held to decide whether the tunnel was really a good thing or not. Queen Victoria, who had earlier approved the scheme had now decided it was not a good idea.

But more than this, the generals—led by the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge—had risen against it.

"Why," they said, "an army could swarm through the tunnel to attack us in no time at all."

The generals were backed by men such as Poet Laureate Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning.

The tunnel men pointed out that the tunnel could be flooded if war broke out and that the exit from the tunnel would be covered by the guns of Dover.

But the work was never to start again. In 1883 attempts were made to revive the Chunnel scheme but a Royal Commission turned it down.

Now, once again, some of the generals are against it. Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery has called it a "wildcat scheme" and said that our safety depends on mastery of the sea around us.

Sir Edward Spears has said: "The tunnel will present a deadly danger in time of war. The last war would certainly have been lost had there been a Chunnel tunnel."

But, say the Chunnel men, during July and August last year a team of interviewers asked 56,000 people crossing the Channel by boats if they wanted a tunnel. Every one said yes.

The governments now have before them a complete engineering report on the scheme. Borings were made deep into the seabed last year to work out the Chunnel's route.

The Chunnel, if built, will make it possible to travel by train from London to Paris in four hours, London to Brussels in about the same time. About six million passengers would use it every year, it is expected.

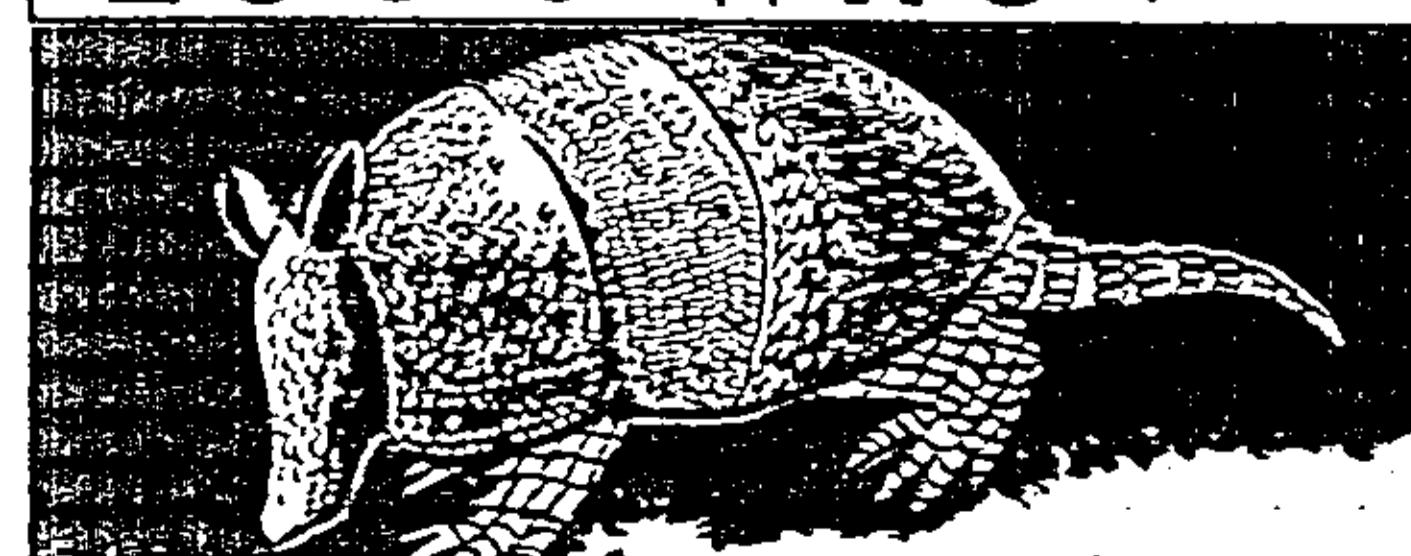
### Strain

Cars would be carried through on trains, not driven.

Mr Leo D'Erlanger, banker chairman of the Chunnel Tunnel Company, says: "Apart from the difficulties of ventilation and space for breakdowns, many people would find driving some 30 miles underground an intolerable strain."

Apart from the generals the Chunnel would bring unhappiness to one other group of men: the airline and ferry operators.

## ZOO'S WHO by GEORGE SCARO



Giant armadillos, some 5 feet long, including their tails, are found in the northern part of South America. Smaller species are found in Brazil, Bolivia and Argentina. The most common type is found as far north as Texas. It is about 16 inches long. It's called the nine-banded armadillo.



These creatures are low in intelligence, and have poor eyesight and hearing; they survive because of the protection afforded by their armor and by their digging ability.



### Cricket to boys

In the film Juliet starts off as a leggy gymslip-clad school girl who soon abandons her love of cricket when she finds that boys are a bigger attraction.

Anyway, England producer Betty Box and director Ralph Thomas, give you full permission to use Juliet in your eleven.

Whether Juliet plays or not, Michael Craig intends to watch all the matches — work permitting.

### Same hotel

Michael made friends with the Australian team a few years ago when filming in South Africa. He and the Aussies were in the same hotel.

Now he intends to invite them to Pinewood studios when they get a day off—and perhaps then they can see Juliet wielding the willow for her role in "NO, MY DARLING DAUGHTER".



### MEMBERSHIP

Fill this in and send it to the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

Name .....

Age .....

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# STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By MAX TRELL

THE MICE who lived in the cellar gave a party.

Knarf and Hanid, the Shadow Children with the Turned-About Names, were invited.

It was a birthday party. It was for Nibby, a Boy-Mouse, because he was one year old.

At one year a Mouse is a grown-up Mouse. From now on Nibby would wear long pants. He would care for his own whiskers and play tag with the Cat if he felt like it.

At one year old Nibby would be expected to bring home bits of cheese and bread or crackers for the family table just like everybody else.

The new pair of long pants that Nibby would now wear had extra pockets. The long pants with big pockets were a birthday present from his father and mother who, of course, were also Mice.

### Made themselves small

In addition to Knarf and Hanid, many other friends and relations were invited to Nibby's birthday party.

Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, was invited. Unfortunately he was too fat to squeeze into the mousehole. He shouted in "Happy birthday!" and then he toddled on his fat legs upstairs and to bed.

## A Party For Nibby

-All The Mice Celebrate His First Birthday-

Nibby and Hanid made themselves small and squeezed in with hardly any trouble.

General Tin, the Tin Soldier, was also invited to Nibby's birthday party. He also squeezed in with hardly any trouble.

Christopher Cricket was invited. He came with his guitar. He played music for the party.

A dozen Mice from a dozen different cellars of a dozen different houses in a dozen different streets were all invited. They all came.

One Mouse brought a piece of Swiss cheese.

Another Mouse brought a piece of Danish blue cheese.

### Bread and sugar

A third Mouse brought a chunk of bread as large as a Mouse's head. He also brought a lump of sugar, which was very generous of him, indeed.

A fourth Mouse brought a grape.

A fifth Mouse brought the core of an apple.

The rest of the Mice guests brought all kinds of cheeses.

Knarf and Hanid each brought two whole crackers spread with butter. They had to be broken

in quarters to fit inside the hole.

"It doesn't matter that they're broken, dears," Nibby's mother said, smiling. "They'll taste just as good when they go down."

The prize present of the whole party was three fresh strawberries. They were brought by Nibby's uncle, an old grey Mouse who lived in the cellar of a fine old house overlooking the park.

"There were lots more where they came from," Nibby's uncle said.

Nibby's mother put them in a special platter in the centre of the birthday table.

A Grasshopper was invited. He came with a horn.

A Mosquito was invited. He came with a flute.

### Cat not invited

The Cat was not invited. But she came anyway. Like Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, she was much too big to squeeze in through the mousehole. But she didn't go upstairs and go to bed.

The Cat called in "Happy Birthday, Nibby! Look at the beautiful present I've brought for you!"

The Cat had brought a whole bar of chocolate.

"Come out and get it, dear," she kept saying. "I can't understand why you make your doors so narrow." The Cat stuck her paw in with the chocolate bar.

### Should shake hands

"Here's your present, Nibby. Now be a good boy and shake hands with Aunty Cat," she said.

Nibby took the chocolate bar.

"Thank you very much, Aunty Cat," he said.

But he didn't shake hands with her.

It was a wonderful party. Knarf and Hanid danced square dances with the Mice.

### Sang songs

They all sang: "Three Blind Mice" and other songs.

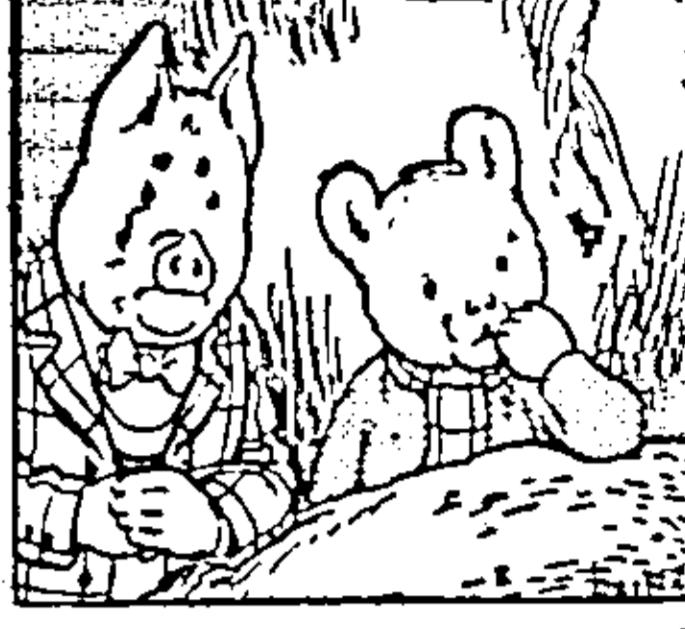
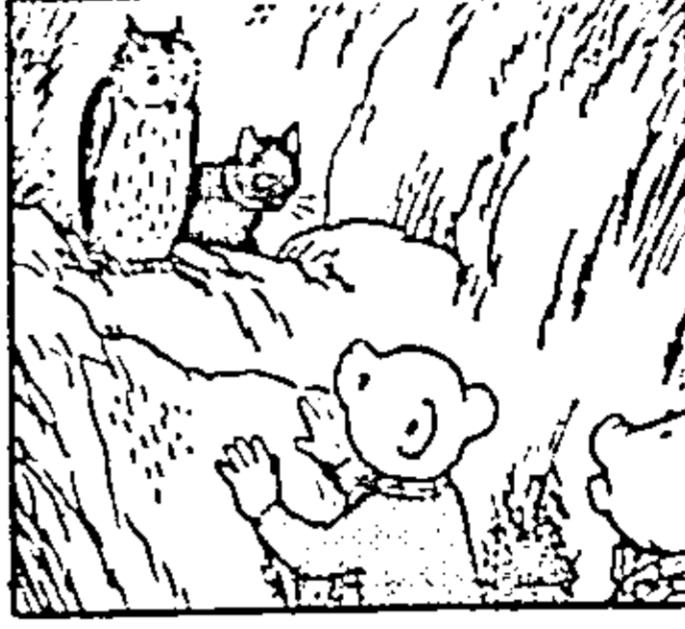
One of Nibby's cousins lived on a ship. He did a hornpipe sailor's dance.

Upstairs Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, heard the music and the singing in his dream.

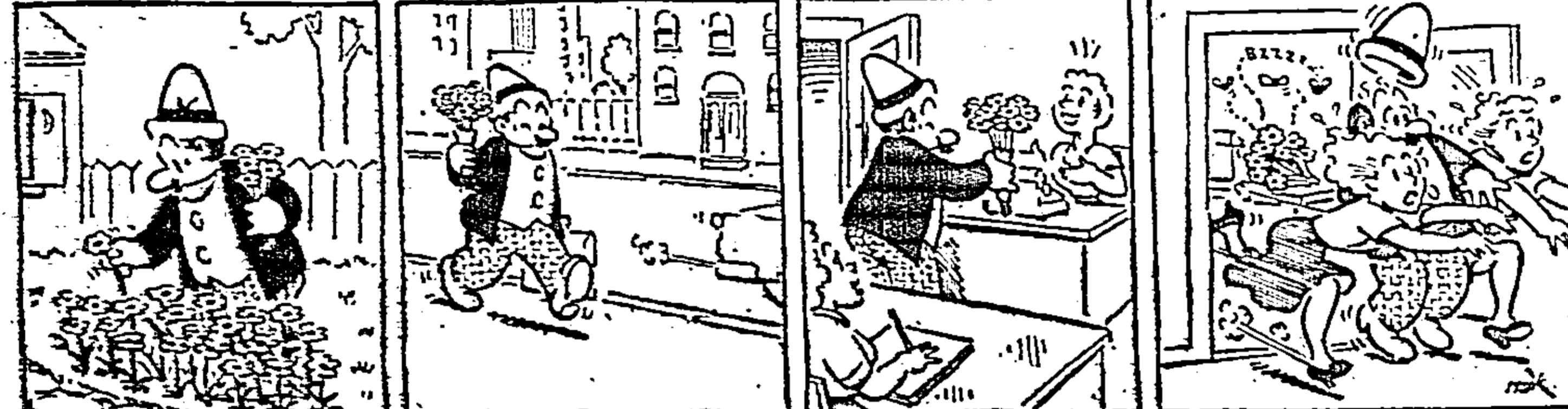
Downstairs, just outside the mousehole, the Cat kept waiting.

"Sometimes," she said to herself, "I wish I were a Mouse rather than a Cat. They always seem to have more fun than I have."

## Rupert and Gwyneth—31

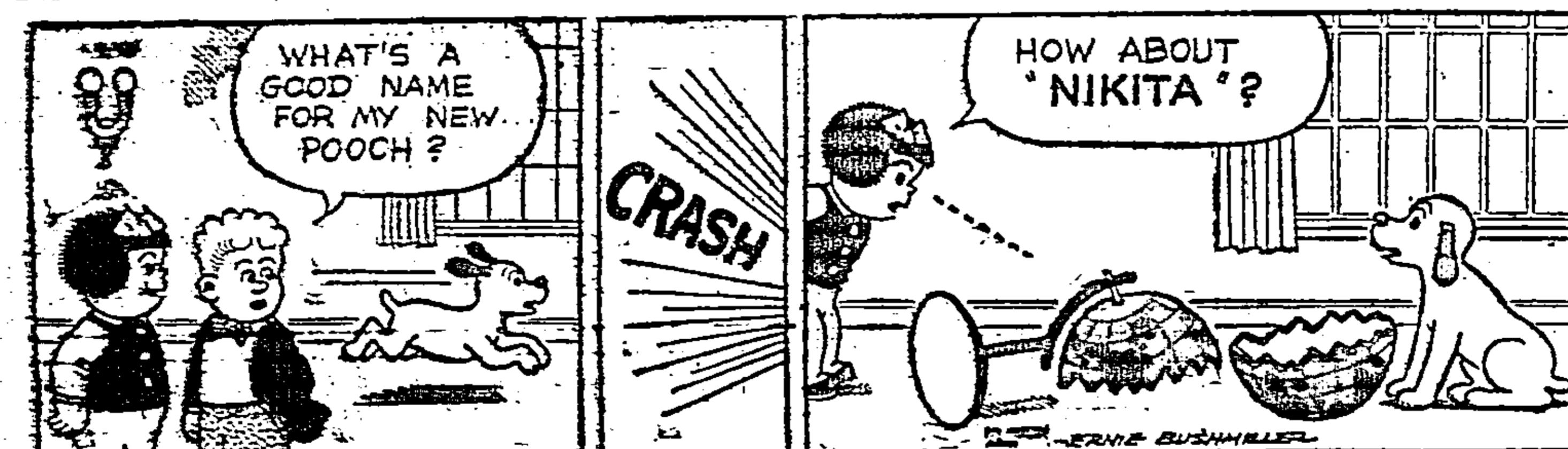


## FERD'NAND



By Mik

## NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



## BRICK BRADFORD



By Paul Norris



LEONARD MOSLEY

# I salute this girl — she's a great comic genius!



IT'S THAT  
GIRL  
AGAIN

There's no mistaking that urchin look, that "thatch" hairstyle — it's Miss Shirley MacLaine, Hollywood's Personality Plus girl. Shirley has popped up again in the film *All In A Night's Work*, the story of what can happen when an office girl takes a holiday in Palm Beach. Improbable as the plot is, Shirley brings every unlikely situation compellingly to life. It is MacLaine at her delicious best.

## \*\*\*\*\* Roderick Mann \*\*\*\*\* QUIET MR. TRACY FINDS NO HAPPINESS IN MEMORIES

Berlin.

HE doesn't often talk, but now he was talking, sitting in one corner of the hotel room, his leonine head down and to the side, like a wary old prize-fighter. The gifted Mr Spencer Tracy.

Tracy's is a magnificent face; a furrowed, used face. A man's face should be a map of all his life's journeys, the fruitful ones, the unhappy ones. And the dead ends too. Tracy's is such a face.

He was sitting, high up in his Berlin hotel, drinking coffee. He was wearing a blue shirt, a too-tight blue cardigan, grey slacks and black shoes. He was here for the final scenes of Stanley Kramer's new film *Judgment at Nuremberg*. And he was in relaxed, contemplative mood.

"I don't often talk about myself," he said. "During all the 21 years I was at Metro I don't think I ever gave an interview."

### He smiled

"After I'd left the studio I met some newspaper men and we got to talking."

"One of them said: 'We heard you were a real son-of-a-bitch.' 'Oh,' I said, 'that's only about 99 per cent true.'

He watched my face carefully as he said this, and smiled as I smiled.

"This is a fine film," he continued. "And there are a lot of good people in it; Dietrich, Garland, Lancaster, Widmark, Montgomery Clift. Many playing small parts, because the parts are good."

Clift wanted to do his part so much he worked for nothing. Just expenses. Though by the time they were through paying his expenses I think they wished he'd been on salary instead.

"Larry Olivier was going to be in it too, but he changed his mind. I've always wanted to act with Larry; each time I've been unlucky."

"Three years ago when he and Vivien [Leigh] were about to make *Separate Tables* in Hollywood for Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, Larry asked me to be in the picture."

"Won't Burt Lancaster want the part?" I asked. "No, Larry said. 'He's agreed that you do it.' We had a party to celebrate, and then the Oliviers flew home."

### Boring

"When they arrived, a call was waiting from Hollywood. Lancaster had decided he wanted the role. 'Either Tracy does it or you can't have it,' Larry said.

"But Lancaster was determined, Larry rang me that night: 'Well, old cook,' he said, 'we've all been fired.' I said: 'That'll teach you to ask for me!'

He lumbered to his feet and went over to the coffee-pot on the sideboard and refilled his cup.

"I've just been reading a piece about Gary Cooper," he

said, inclining his head toward a paper. "Was he really an actor," they say, "or just a personality?"

"What I bore those arguments have become, though Cooper was great, I hardly knew him, but I always admired him. What could he have done better in a film like *High Noon?* Played it with a broken arm or an accent?"

### Tired

"Cooper used to be very proud because John Barrymore once said of him: 'He never makes a wrong move on the screen.' The truth is Cooper hardly ever made any move. He didn't have to; he was so good."

"Discussions about acting bore me," Tracy continued.

"When I was making *Inherit the Wind* there was a young actress in the picture called Donna Anderson."

"After a few days she said to me: 'This is such an odd film. You and Frederic March just come on and do it. You never discuss the parts, or anything. In my last film, *On the Beach*, Gregory Peck would discuss the motivation of the character for hours!'"

Tracy chuckled to himself. "*Inherit the Wind* should have been a bigger success," he said. "I thought it was a fine film. And Frederic March is a great actor. Though the son of a bitch was always cracking nuts or belching during my best lines."

"Still"—a happy smile splintered across his face—"pulled a few tricks on him too."

He looked across at me quizzically, his head slightly to one side.

"You know something? An American magazine wrote: 'As Tracy gets older he acts less and less.'

"Well, years ago, when I first began my motor, George M. Cohan said, 'Tracy—act less.' Maybe I'm getting there at last."

"I remember Garson Kanin, the playwright, once asking me what I thought was the most important thing about acting. Learning the blasted lines," I said.

"Another time someone asked me what was the first thing I locked for in a script. 'Days off,'" I said."

He finished his coffee and put the cup carefully down on the side table.

"I never watch my old movies on TV," he said. "Or any old movies, except to that. Too many of my friends are dead. I don't want to be reminded."

"How can I watch an old [Humphrey] Bogart film. Bogie was friend of mine; I saw a lot of him before he died. I can't watch him now. I switch the set off."

"Still"—a happy smile splintered across his face—"pulled a few tricks on him too."

He looked across at me quizzically, his head slightly to one side.

"You know something? An American magazine wrote: 'As Tracy gets older he acts less and less.'

"Well, years ago, when I first began my motor, George M. Cohan said, 'Tracy—act less.'

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"Another time someone asked me what was the first thing I locked for in a script. 'Days off,'" I said."

He finished his coffee and put the cup carefully down on the side table.

"In Hollywood, when you're dead you're very dead. Sometimes you're even dead before you're dead. They're always ready to give you a boot-in-the-waist. Like that special Academy Award for Gary Cooper. Until they did that nobody even knew he was ill. Why couldn't they have left him alone?"

"I remember Garson Kanin, the playwright, once asking me what I thought was the most important thing about acting. Learning the blasted lines," I said.

"Another time someone asked me what was the first thing I locked for in a script. 'Days off,'" I said."

He finished his coffee and put the cup carefully down on the side table.

"Bogie, Gable . . . now Cooper. All my contemporaries are going," he said. "Who knows? Maybe I'll be my turn to bat next."

Question: Will Shirley black-mail the heirs to the magazine empire by threatening to lay bare the circumstances in which the late lamented owner died?

## BOOK PAGE

### M. Boulle digs deep into the mind of a coward

—by HAROLD HARRIS

**FOR A NOBLE CAUSE.** Pierre Boulle, *Sucker and Warburg*, 13s. 6d.

**PIERRE BOULLE**, the versatile and witty novelist who wrote *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, is a sadistic author. For him, his characters are victims. He likes to show them under stress, and excels at devising situations which remorselessly over the precipice of physical and mental endurance.

**Day-dreams**

His new novel is about a French writer called Cousin, who has day-dreams of being a hero.

Inevitably when he becomes an agent in Occupied France, there is a sharp, disastrous clash between the world of reality and the world of his dreams. The Gestapo only have to show him a red-hot poker for him to betray all his compatriots.

Cousin escapes to England and persuades his organization (and, above all, himself) that the real traitor was his assistant, Morvan

who had in fact gallantly withdrawn all the Gestapo's tortures and died a brutal death.

Only when, at the climax of his curiously contrived persecution by Morvan's relations the truth is at last about to emerge, does Cousin rise to the heights of physical endurance and even to a kind of twisted heroism.

The irony of it is that he does so, not to protect his com-

panions but to preserve the fiction of his own courage.

If M. Boulle had a heart to match his intelligence, what a superb novel he would write. As it is, no one who starts reading Xan Fielding's admirably taut translation of this cruel, almost sinister anatomy of cowardice will be able to put it aside unfinished.

The irony of it is that he does so, not to protect his com-

panions but to preserve the fiction of his own courage.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. Anne Gardner. Faber, 15s. Fresh from town to remote Highland village, she had to cope with dour kirk elders, local tit-for-tat, and other troubles. This tale is as homespun—and warming—as good Scotch tweed. Women's Institutes will endorse it as authentic.

—London Express Service.

to undergo mental hospital treatment. She dramatises her dementia with Dostoevskian fervour. A shattering experience for the reader as well as herself.

HEAVEN BY THE HEMIS. Marisa de Berri. Translated by Joanna Richardson. Hutchinson, 15s. It is not clear why this young Paris dancer of Russian ancestry found life so empty, but it drove her to become a postulant in a Trappistine convent. Finally rejected on ac-

count of health, she now writes simply, devoutly of her cloistered retreat.

THE WOMAN'S BOOKSHELF...by Trevor Allen

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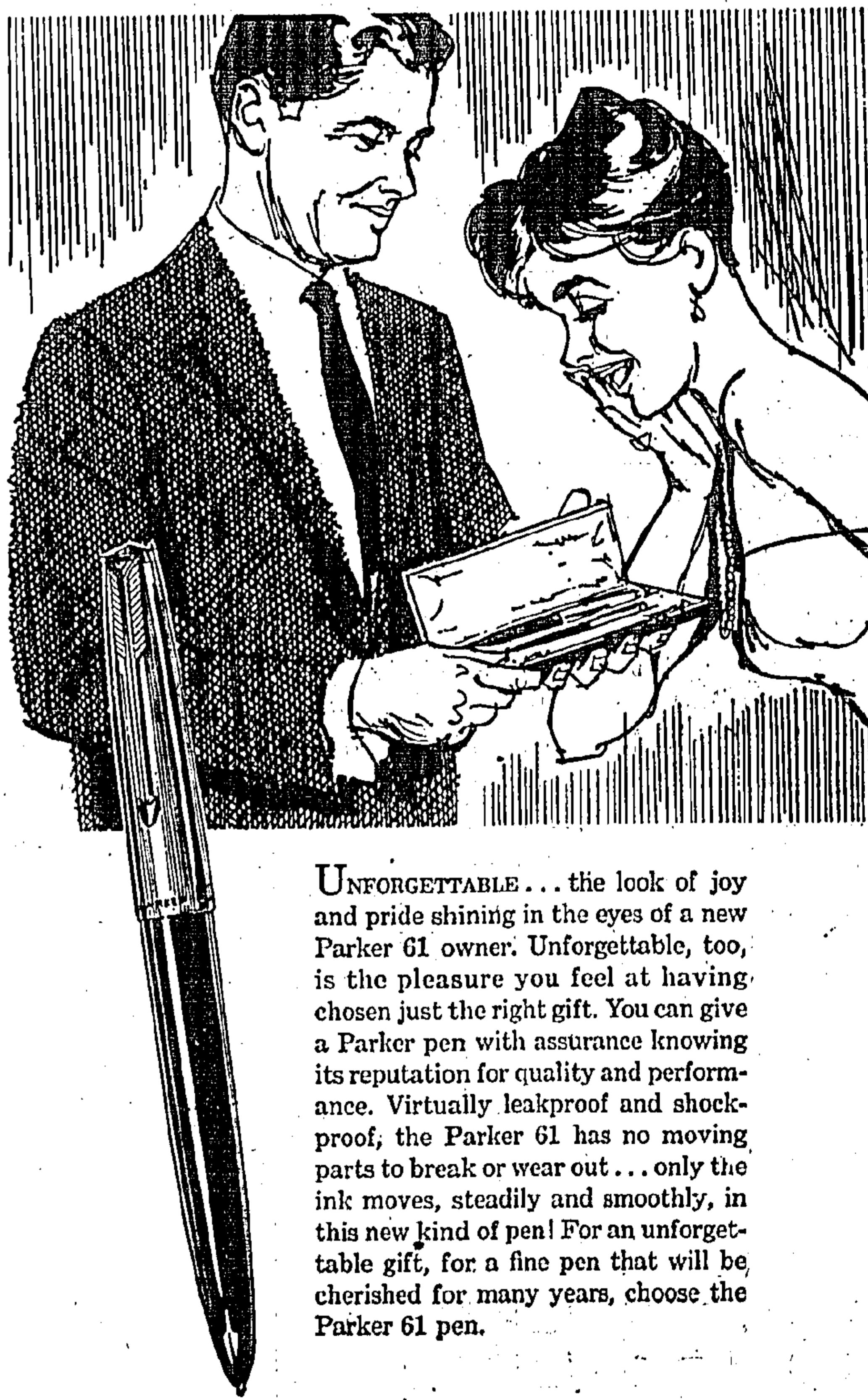
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A MINK FARMER, A STOREMAN, A NAVAL OFFICER  
— THEY FORM A SPECIAL CATEGORY OF SURVIVORS

# THE THREE LUCKIEST MEN IN BRITAIN TODAY

ON Wednesday, May 24 there was an anniversary that evoked a mixture of horror, sorrow and thankfulness for William Dundas, now a successful breeder of mink in the remote village of Ardriehaig in Argyllshire.

It brought those same emotions to Robert Tilburn, a civilian storeman in an Admiralty establishment in the drab, grey Durham town of Eaglescliffe; and to Edward Briggs, a shore-based naval signals officer stationed near the sleepy Hampshire town of Petersfield.

They are all three on the right side of 40, but only just. They keep a wary eye on their waistlines, and they no longer jump on and off buses with the gay abandon of 20 years ago.

There are millions of men like Dundas, Tilburn, and Briggs in Britain today.

## SINCE BOYHOOD

But these three are in a special category. Just 20 years after H.M.S. Hood—the "mighty" and "unsinkable" Hood—was blown to bits in the Denmark Strait, between Greenland and Iceland, they are all that is left of a ship's company of 95 officers, and 1,323 ratings.

At the time of Hood's last voyage on May 24, 1941, they were all professional sailors: the Royal Navy had been their life since boyhood.

Dundas' entry into the Royal Navy had followed the conventional upper-class pattern: from the age of 14, as a cadet at Dartmouth, he had assimilated the naval way of life. Then, at the age of 17, he was sent to his first ship—that ship was Hood.

## INTO ACTION

At a time when his civilian contemporaries were wrestling with the intricacies of

calculus and the Greek primer, he was a Navy man with responsibilities.

Tilburn and Briggs had enlisted as Boys 2nd Class, at reckonable emoluments of £1 a day in 1930. For them the Royal Navy offered, if nothing else, three meals a day.

These three men scarcely knew one another when Hood sailed through Denmark Strait on May 23 in conditions which were already vicious and steadily deteriorating.

Like every man aboard Hood, however, they knew the significance of their mission.

The German battleship Bismarck, a colossus of even greater speed, armament and hitting power than Hood herself, had come out of her long hiding in the Norwegian fjords.

Once loose in the Atlantic, there was no telling the extent of her prey among the thinly protected convoys.

A ship of her speed and power could pounce, destroy and escape again and again.

She had to be pursued and brought to battle. This was one of the moment of high crisis of the war at sea; a moment of unparalleled possibilities both for success and disaster.

It was 15 minutes past midnight on May 24, 1941, when Hood's company went to battle stations.

The duties of Dundas, Tilburn, and Briggs in battle were widely diverse.

Dundas, as duty midshipman, was on the closed upper bridge, at the beck and call of the Officer of the Watch.

Tilburn was a seaman gunner. His action station was on a four-inch anti-aircraft gun on the port side of the boat deck.

Briggs was personal messenger to Vice-Admiral Holland's Flag Lieutenant on the compass platform.

Dundas, Tilburn, and Briggs, as every other officer and rating aboard Hood, were imbued with the idea of giving just that little bit more than his best to make the ship's fighting efficiency his own personal concern.

And each shared the special pride and faith which came to men who served in Hood.

Hood was more than a ship; she was a legend; she was the ultimate expression of British naval might. To all who saw her she was unsinkable. Many men believed she was indestructible and found it.

Tilburn, encumbered by oilskin, duffel coat, and heavy sea boots, was dragged some 30ft. below the surface when one of the wireless aerials wrapped itself round his feet.

Then, as his senses clouded over, he remembered his knife — the razor-sharp jack-knife carried by all seamen. He groped desperately round his waist and found it.

as he sailed to her first and last battle.

It was dawn when Hood found Bismarck. Each had lungs near to bursting point, he clawed his way to the surface.

Four hours later the destroyer Electra arrived. She found only these three men exhausted and clinging to floating rafts.

They were surrounded by countless pieces of wreckage amid the oily surface of the Denmark Strait. There was no sound; there were no bodies; there was no trace of Hood.

Just Dundas, Tilburn, and Briggs — all that remained of a total ship's company of 1,419.

Of their survival these three men can say little.

"It must have been a freak of fate which saved me," says Briggs. "Everyone else on the compass platform was killed instantly."

Comments Dundas: "There's no rational explanation of it. It was just luck; and I've been a firm believer in it ever since."

And Tilburn? "I never believed in miracles before," he says. "But I do now."

As a gunner himself, he is not prepared to accept the theory that Hood was destroyed by a single lucky shot. "Throughout the action Bismarck's gunnery was deadly accurate."

Dundas left the Royal Navy when he was 35. He was a Lieutenant-commander, nowadays, he is reticent about his naval career.

He wants to forget about Hood's death blow. ("It is a vivid memory which will always be with me... But I would rather never have to discuss it again.") His interests today are centred in the breeding of mink, his wife, and his three children.

Tilburn is, in a sense, still slenderly since he joined as

a 1s.-a-day Boy 2nd Class. Heroes? "Hardly," they say.

Admirably stowman. His job and his lives in modest comfort with his wife in naval lives.

Dundas, Tilburn, and Briggs today are ordinary, unspectacular, and happily married men.

Yet, just 20 years later, it is still a continual source of amazement to each of them that they are still alive.

—London Express Service).

**20 years ago they sailed with Hood**

by TIM CAREW



William Dundas



Edward Briggs



Robert Tilburn with his wife and two children, Robert, aged nine, and six-week-old Susan. His son is holding a model of Hood.

## Pocket cartoons

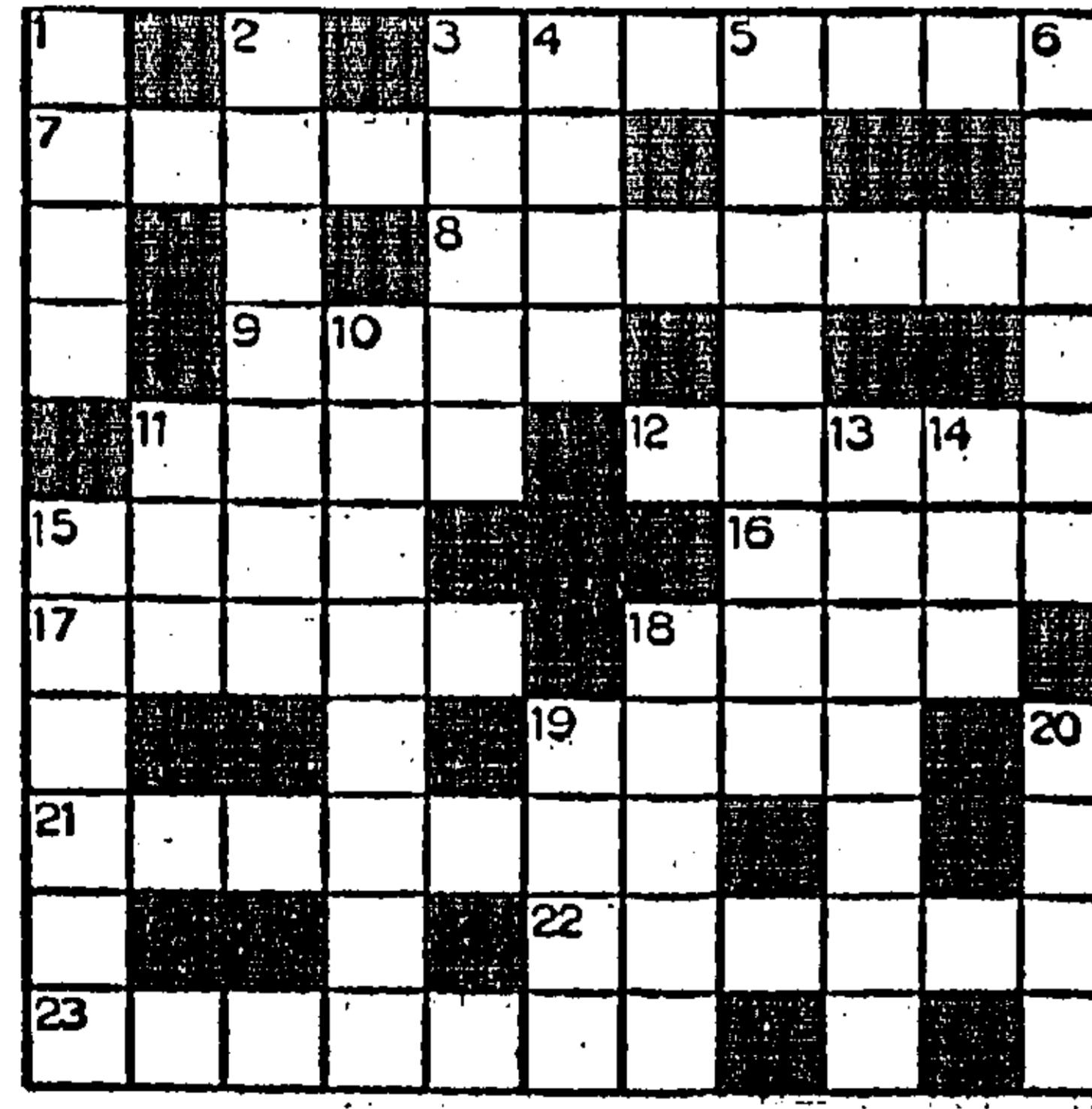


"Now eat this up like a good boy and maybe when you are 37 you'll be the first Briton into space."



"Indeed, we should like to see you again, member of NATO. Of course, you would have to give up bull-fighting!"

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

- 3. Haller?
- 7. Pig's delight?
- 8. Viewed,
- 9. Stalk,
- 11. Journey,
- 12. Loud noise,
- 15. Fish-hook part,
- 16. Image,
- 17. Chose,
- 18. Walking rate?
- 19. Fast runner,
- 21. Sire,
- 22. Venerable,
- 23. Fastener,
- 24. Pain,
- 25. Associate,
- 26. Drain,
- 27. It's run on certain lines,
- 28. Rum,
- 29. Blush,
- 30. Flower,
- 31. Knock for water!
- 32. Agreed to,
- 33. Deer eggs?
- 34. Aeroplane,
- 35. Caesar's father!
- 36. Present,
- 37. Was magnetic.

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD. — Across: 1 Stockport, 3 Adore, 10 Trail, 12 Row, 13 Tain, 14 Len, 15 Lesson, 16 Beata, 18 Posted, 20 Idle, 22 Ten, 23 One, 24 Needs, 25 Whee, 26 Dressed. Down: 2 Thorn, 3 Chew, 4 Patter, 5 Roams, 6 Galloping, 7 Blanketed, 8 Roasted, 11 Rosin, 13 Lad, 17 Censor, 19 Slovo, 21 Dense, 23 Owls.

## NO SOUND...

Tilburn, encumbered by oilskin, duffel coat, and heavy sea boots, was dragged some 30ft. below the surface when one of the wireless aerials wrapped itself round his feet.

Then, as his senses clouded over, he remembered his knife — the razor-sharp jack-knife carried by all seamen. He groped desperately round his waist and found it.

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—London Express Service).

## PARIS NEWS LETTER by SAM WHITE

# The big debate: would de Gaulle let Challe die?

A FASCINATING debate was going on here about whether General de Gaulle would allow 53-year-old ex-General Maurice Challe to be executed for his part in the recent Algiers mutiny.

A sentence of death, on a guilty verdict, was inevitable at his trial that was held early this week. Would he use his Presidential powers to commute it to, say, life imprisonment?

He did.

There was here in Paris, a poignant pointer to what de Gaulle's decision would be. It was in the person of Mme. Petain, widow of the late Marshal Petain, head of State during the occupation.

Now 84, crippled with arthritis, she continues to live in a modest Paris flat on the widow's pension. A pension which, by an administrative irony—because her husband was sentenced to death and the death penalty was never carried out—became payable to her during her husband's lifetime.

The parallel is false. De Gaulle could show clemency to Challe that de Gaulle failed to condemn the main 1954 mutiny—as result of which he came back to power.

The parallel is false. De Gaulle failed to condemn the 1958 mutineers because the government itself failed to condemn them.

General Salan remained throughout the May events the accredited military and civil representative of the government.

De Gaulle accepted power not from the generals but from Parliament. And the general usurped power in Paris and then offered it to de Gaulle. I am convinced he would have rejected it.

Madame Petain has made two requests that his last wish might be carried out. The first was to M. Mendes-France when he was Prime Minister and M. Mendes-France placed the request before Parliament, which rejected it.

The second was in a personal appeal to General de Gaulle the other day. She was getting out after he returned to power. He took a taxi head first and it was

uncannily the way passers-by instantly recognised the only part of her body visible at precisely that moment.

## SUPER ECCENTRIC

JACK ("Call me Jackie") Gleason, the super-American eccentric, has hit town, and the effect is rather like having Brendan Behan and Peter Ustinov at the same intimate cocktail party.

Gleason, who was paid 2,000 dollars a week by the American sponsors not to appear on other television programmes, is here to play the leading role in an American but Paris-based film entitled Gigot.

Gigot, which is leg of lamb in French, is the name of a boozey, deaf and dumb tramp whom Gleason portrays with every natural asset—except for the fact that he is not deaf and certainly not dumb.

In fact, the longer Gleason stays in Paris the more superstitious becomes the fed-up, bleary-eyed, make-up that is daily daubed on him.

In addition to Gleason, the cast includes six highly intelligent American imported actresses.

Gleason, in addition to being the star of the film, has also written the story and the music.

The story idea, he tells me, came from an ancient Greek writer whose name begins with X or Y.

During filming he drinks an average of six bottles of local Nuits-Saint-Georges Burgundy drinking comes later.

His enormous bulk is carried to and from the studio in a turquiose and burgundy Rolls-Royce.

—London Express Service).

## STYLED BY YVES?

THE news that Yves Saint Laurent, Dior's ex-designer, is suing the firm for wrongful dismissal focuses attention again on this young man's future plans.

Dior's defence will be that he was not dismissed and that he was, in fact, offered a job at the same salary of nearly £500 a week that he was getting before he was called up.

The job would have been the creation of a small non-competitive fashion house financed, as Dior says, by Roussac.

St Laurent rejected this. He plans now to start his own house. The money for that will come from two sources.

St Laurent has just sold his meubles for £30,000 in the United States. He is also proposing financial backing by the enormously rich French industrialist, Paul-Louis Weiller.

St Laurent plans to open his house in his large Paris apartment. He hopes to show his first summer collection this winter or his first winter collection next summer.

I discovered that the animals look less ridiculous than the human beings, because they do not strike attitudes when dressed smartly, but merely walk.

## Mud in Baba's eye

EVERYBODY, at least practically everybody, was nearly sick with excitement when the detailed arrangements for Baba Blacksheep's quiet, almost secret, wedding were announced.

But the frenzy was premature. Baba threw aside her name "Smudge," crawling like an ill-fitting hat. It is understood that he refused to agree to an early divorce as soon after the marriage as possible.

—London Express Service).

## JACOBY on BRIDGE

TODAY'S hand is almost the same as yesterday's. Every player has exactly the same high cards and the only changes have been slight ones.

The play starts in exactly the same way also. South wins the opening heart lead in dummy and draws trumps with three leads. Then he throws West in with the queen of hearts and sits back in his chair.

If West is kind enough to lead a club South will have a chance to make his contract, but if West has been sitting up and taking notice West isn't going to do any such thing.

West is going to lead a heart and give South a perfectly useless ruff and discard.

Both vulnerable

South West North East

♦ K 7 5 3 ♠ J 10 6

♦ K Q 10 9 ♡ 8 7 4 2

♦ 6 4 2 ♢ 5 3

♦ Q 0 ♣ J 4 3

Opening lead—K

Why is this ruff-discard play useless to South? Because after he does ruff in one hand and discard from the other he will still have the same losing club trick to start with.

# SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

## A star salute for our Chinese footballers

**"Hongkong's Chinese football teams are the equals of many of the footballing countries throughout the world. They are certainly as good as teams representing smaller nations like Belgium and Luxemburg and their ball-control is every bit as good as that of England's professionals!"**

**"Their positional play, tackling and passing are first class and they only need to have a definite playing plan to make them into a top ranking side."**

I would like to see one or two extra coaches being brought to the Colony to drill a firm plan into the minds of the players. With this kind of training and preparation and the polish and confidence they would gain from them, the Hongkong team would be a very hard side to beat."

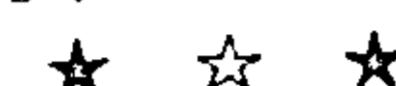
### Honest opinion

Those people who have so loudly derided the Chinese footballers' relative international status: who have classed them as "not better than a not-so-good" English Second Division club and who have said they were too small and too frail to tackle tough European opposition on equal terms, will not find these words easily digestible... particularly when they come from a straightforward, down-to-earth expert like Tom Flinney.

Flinney's reputation, as one of football's gentlemen was built on people's appreciation of the fact that he was honest in his actions and in his opinions. He had no time for cheap chatter and flattery... and those who have read his book will know that he did not hesitate to criticise Walter Winterbottom where he thought it was necessary and praise him in equal measure when he felt it was justified.

He made that statement about our Chinese footballers just before he stepped onto the plane that took the FA touring party to Australia... and what he said he meant.

The local players have never had a more sincere nor more valuable vote of confidence. On their two showings against the Englishmen they thoroughly deserved it.



The football season may be dead but it certainly will not lie down—not peacefully anyhow.

Normally at this time each year sportswriters do all retrospective and look back over the season which has just ended... but this time what is happening is more important than what has happened... and what is probably most important of all is the stark realisation that most of it must never happen again.

### Worst season

The 1960-61 football season must surely rank as the worst blot on the whole history of the game in the Colony. We have had a bit of everything: almost all of it unsavoury. One player got a long suspension for—use a much quoted military description—conduct to the prejudice of good order and soccer discipline, or in racing parlance... not running on his merits.

An inquiry is currently going on into the accusation that one of our leading clubs—with the exception of a solitary player—made no effort to win a game which should in the ordinary

run of things, have been no great task for them.... and it is no secret that we are almost certainly facing another similar inquiry involving a different club.

When one ties this up to all the allegations of pseudo-professionalism, or if you prefer it, shamateurism; to the apparently well-founded suggestions of the infiltrations of gamblers into the game one merely has to understand that people do not normally throw confetti at a football match to see the obvious presence of this evil—and then remember too the riots, the astonishing state of misconduct on the field by First Division players, the empty stadia and the general atmosphere of tension, suspicion and mistrust. It is easy to appreciate the depths to which the present management system—as divorced from personalities—has allowed the game to deteriorate.

### Sweeping changes

Apart from the exemplary efforts of South China and the magnificent show put up by our representative players against the FA touring side there is hardly a single thing of which we can be proud... or even satisfied in the whole period of last season.

The time has surely come when there must be serious thoughts of sweeping re-organisation within the Hongkong Football Association. The Annual General meeting is not so very far away but if it produces another of the same sort of season a year from now

we may well be writing the game's obituary.

There is nothing hush-hush about the fact that some of the dignitaries connected with the game would not be at all unhappy if they found their lives severed. They are reported to be apprehensive of where the present trend is going and where they may be going with it. Who will blame them? If they decide they have had enough? Certainly anyone who can read the prevalent symptoms will understand their feelings in the matter. They would be a serious loss.

But it is not in the hierarchy that reforms are needed unless it be to refurbish its position as a presidential board with supreme executive power to govern our football affairs... in the day to day running of the game that we fall down so badly.

### Desperate need

First of all we desperately need a strong forceful Chairman who enjoys the full confidence of his Councillors no matter his or their nationality. He should be a man of high integrity whose background makes him a natural leader and an acceptable committee man.

If the present system of management is to be allowed to continue—and many doubt the wisdom of it—the Chairman must be the absolute and complete boss... there must be a strict and genuine observance of the policy and principles of decision by committee, and there must be a complete understanding recognition and acceptance of the vital executive position of Secretary of the Hongkong Football Association. The Secretary must be given the full power of his office and the backing of the councillors.

In every important senior football association the Secretary is the long-term expert. He does the advising and the telling. He is not told everything that emanates from the association, no matter its form or subject, should come from him.

The fact that councillors may have specialised knowledge on some subject or other makes no difference. The secretary must be the official full-time link with everyone outside the association and the final personalordinator of all personal efforts within it.

Any other method leads inevitably to 'Committees outside Committees'... to coercion... to suspicion... to mistrust... and finally to trouble.

The Hongkong Football Association has suffered from this in varying degrees down through the years.

Much of what happens of course is due to the fact that the Councillors usually own their first loyalty to their own clubs and however good a suggestion might be it would be a courageous representative who would say "Aye" against the interest of his club.

He would probably be an ex-councillor in no time at all.

Now the game and the HKFA are crying out for protocol, systematic management, orderly progressive thinking, greater attention to the playing side... and a stated 'iron hand' to deal ruthlessly with those people... however well known—whose efforts threaten to drag its good name down to the depths.

To achieve all these things it needs—more than anything

else—a leader... and that brings us right back to the all important office of chairman.

On the good sense which is used in making this appointment hangs our immediate hopes for a successful future. There has been open discussion about the personal ambitions of several individuals; for the good of football I hope—without malice—that some of them are not fulfilled.

★ ★ ★

It was not surprising that

the topic in many of the conversations with members of the visiting FA party concerned refereeing. It was in fact an almost inevitable subject for discussion after the two somewhat controversial games in the Colony.

One of the officials in the party told me that in Malaya the handling of the game was "absolutely excellent".... that in Singapore it had been very good... and that, in the opinion of the speaker, Hongkong had emerged a very poor third out of three.

There is little doubt that the larger percentage of the fans who saw both games in Hongkong would endorse the comment as far as it affects these two matches—and even if theoccer spectators or the unqualified critics are not always the best judges—it was a sobering situation to hear the visitors, who had just WON both their games, make such strong adverse comment.

### No excuses

Time after time we hear the opinion expressed after an international incident that it was "all due to language difficulties"... or that "they had a different interpretation of the rules from us"... or they were fiery Latin-Americans or hot tempered Continentals.

This time there were no such circumstances. The visitors played orthodox straightforward football to the long established British pattern: there was certainly no language difficulty, yet two experienced officials

who almost certainly know their football laws backwards, forwards and upside down missed the chance of a lifetime to make a name for themselves with the right people.

I believe it was Arthur Ellis who said: "Reinforcing a big game requires a thorough knowledge of the laws, a calm disposition, sound experience and a load of applied psychology, but, as these are also the essential qualifications for refereeing smaller games there is really no difference once you are on the field. Towing stands or green trees do not change the job."

In that maybe the answer to the failure of two well qualified officials to do themselves justice when faced with the "opportunity of a lifetime" lies in their making allow the occasion and their own vital role—to become too big in their subconscious period of preparation for it?

★ ★ ★

And now it is 'talowagger' time. How many of the local officials saw the 'ball incident' in the Army-Sing Tao Reserve Division match at the Club Stadium on Wednesday evening? Before the start the referee rejected a white ball and required a normal brown one to be provided.

Midway through the second half he stopped play, asked for the lights to be turned on and immediately introduced a white ball. The players behaved as though they had suddenly been given a toy balloon as the lively shiny white ball bounced and flashed all round them. I seem to remember a clear directive on a game being played with the same TYPE of ball throughout and the referee being required to make a pre-match judgment on this matter... but as a wellknown local gontoman would say... 'anything goes'....

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## SPORTSMEN IN THE NEWS

### He brings back a world athletics record to England after 32 years

Basil Heatley has just brought back to England after an absence of 32 years the world ten miles track running record and in the process lowered the record figures for the distance of the immortal Emil Zatopek by nearly half a minute.

### DAVIS CUP RESULTS

Vienna, June 2. Britain won the doubles to take a 2-1 lead over Austria in their Davis Cup European Zone second round played here today.

Bobby Wilson and Mike Sanger scored a hard-won victory over Lael Gelegen and Franz Helinka by 4-6, 12-10, 6-3, 7-5—Reuter.

Paris, June 2. France won both the singles matches on the opening day of their European Zone second round Davis Cup tie against Brazil here.

Pierre Darmon beat Ronald Barnes 1-6, 6-0, 6-4, 6-1 and Gerard Phelé defeated Carlos Fernandes 6-4, 6-1, 6-1.

The winners meet Poland or Monaco in the third round—Reuter.

★

Scheveningen, June 2. West Germany took a two-nil lead over Holland after winning the first two singles on the opening day of their second round European Zone Davis Cup encounter here today. Christian Kuhne beat Willem Marin 6-3, 6-1, 7-5 and Wilhem Bungert beat Ted Plet Van Elsdon 6-2, 6-4, 6-4. —AFP.

Hilversum, June 2. South Africa inherited its lead to 2-1 over Finland in their second round European Zone Davis Cup encounter when they won the doubles here today.

Abel Segal and Albert Gauvin beat the home players Reino Mykkonen and Sakari Salo 6-2, 6-0, 6-1—AFP.

But there was a time when he was doing his National Service in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps Depot and Training Centre at Melton Mowbray when he despised of ever reaching the top of the athletic tree.

As a private in 1955 and a

soldier in 1956 and 1957 he

won the Army Cross-Country

Championship at Crookham

Hants and his victory in the

Inter-Services event at Hallton

in 1957 in 37 mins 11 secs still

stands as a record. But he had

his disappointments. He finish-

ed second to Derek Ibbotson in

the Inter-Services run at Ullav-

ington in 1958 after falling

eighth position the year before.

On the track his only

success was to win the Army

three miles individual cham-

pionship at Aldershot in 1957

and a bronze medal in the

Army Games in 1958.

Thailand trounce Australia 9-0 in Thomas Cup tie

Jakarta, June 2. Thailand tonight defeated Aus-

tralia nine matches to nil in

the first Inter-zone semi-final

of the Thomas Cup World Bad-

miton Championships here.

The Thais established a 4-0

lead yesterday.

Toddy Narong Bhognichai

beat Ron Young 15-4, 15-3,

Chatratorn Ratana Sacugwai

beat Don Murray 15-1, 15-2,

Boonyasukorn

beat Ken Turner 10-0, 10-5,

Narong

and Rapti Kanichanaphai

beat Ted Anderson 15-0,

15-12 and Chavoret Chumkun

and Chanthorn beat Turner

and Murray 15-3, 15-1.

The Thais will now play the

winners of the forthcoming

between Denmark and the

United States to decide who will

meet the holders, Indonesia, in

the Cup final.

The Thais generally were too

fast and too skilful for the

Australians.—Reuter.

## POLEROUTER DATE

